Roman Embroidery for End of Table Cover.

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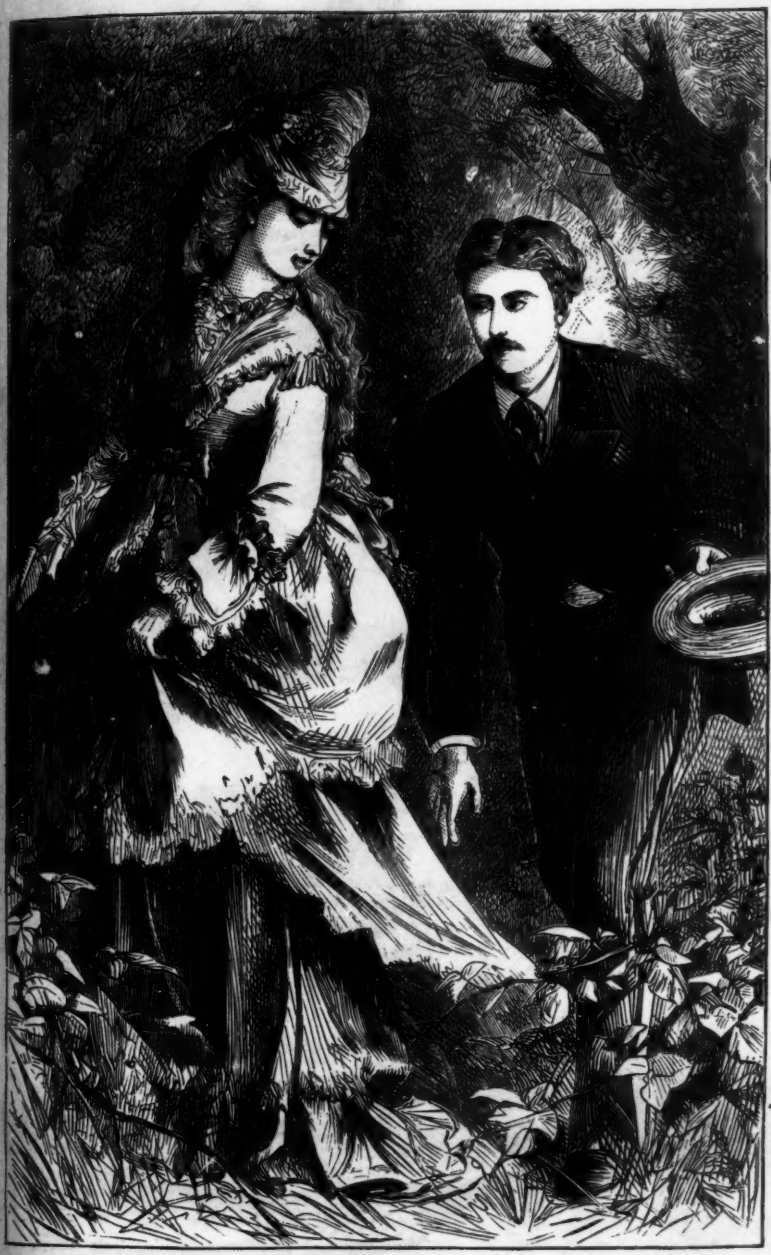


HOW ABBIE WAS CAUGHT. [*See the Story.*]

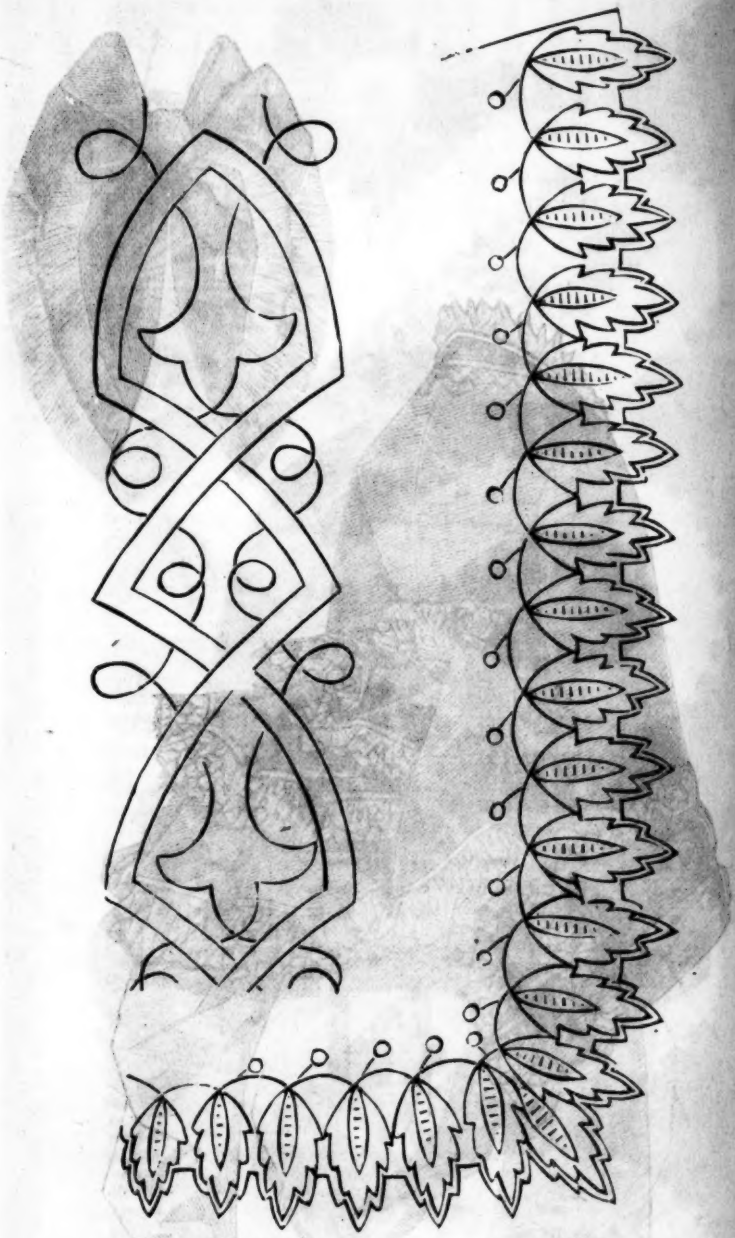
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

EVENING TOILET.

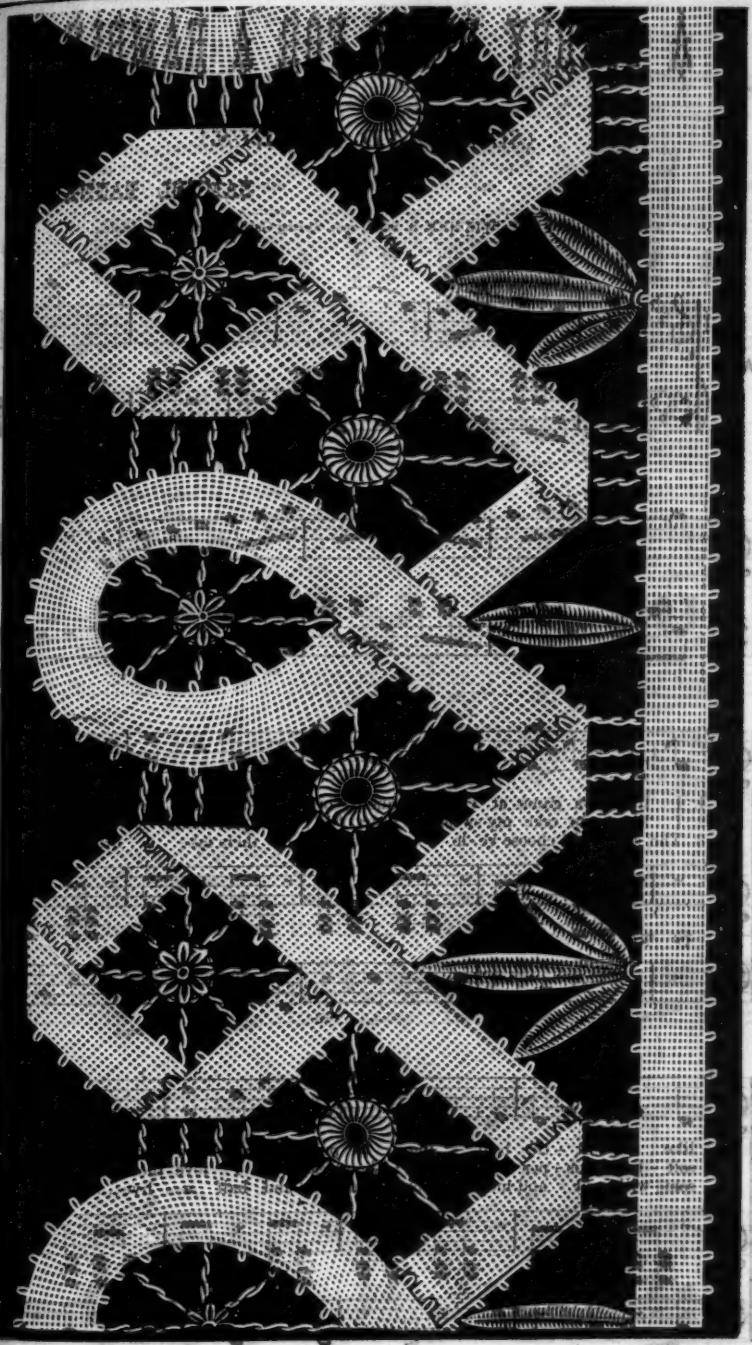
HALF-MOURNING SUIT.

BLACK DRAP DE SOIE JACKET (FRONT.) STOLZ BOW FOR HAIR.

BLACK DRAP DE SOIE JACKET (BACK.) STOLE BOW FOR BODICE.



EMBROIDERY AND BRAIDING.



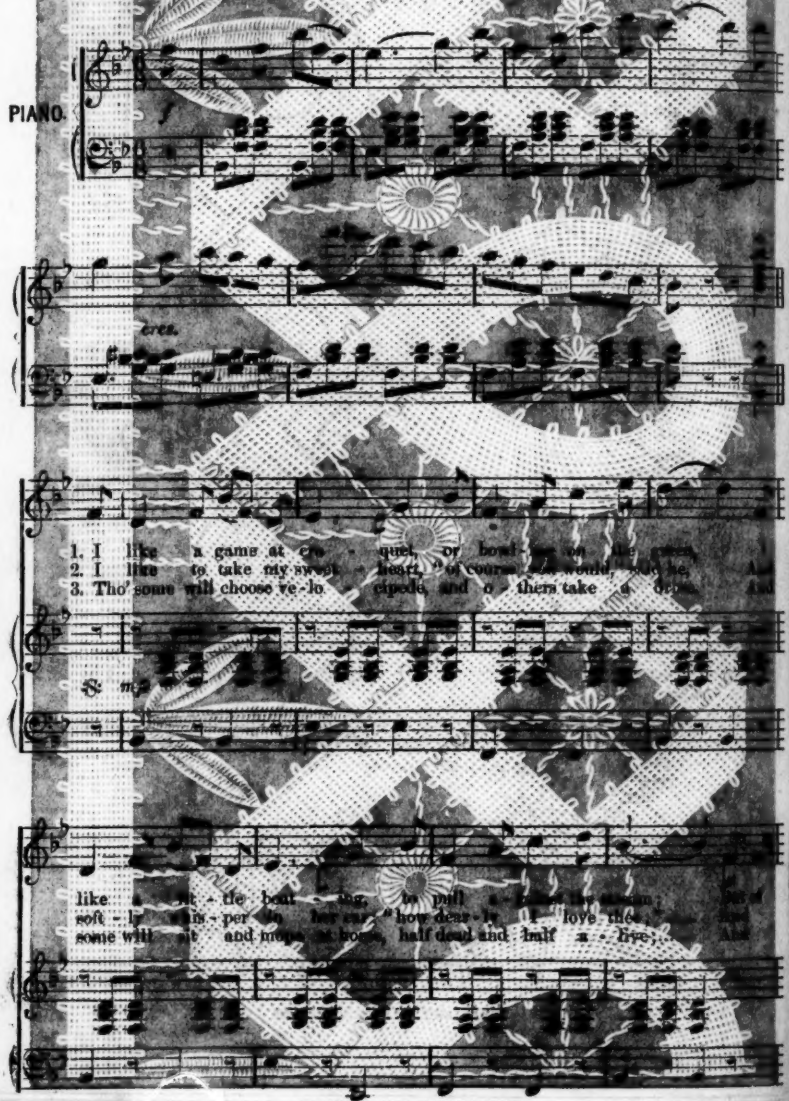
TRIMMING FOR FALL DRESS.

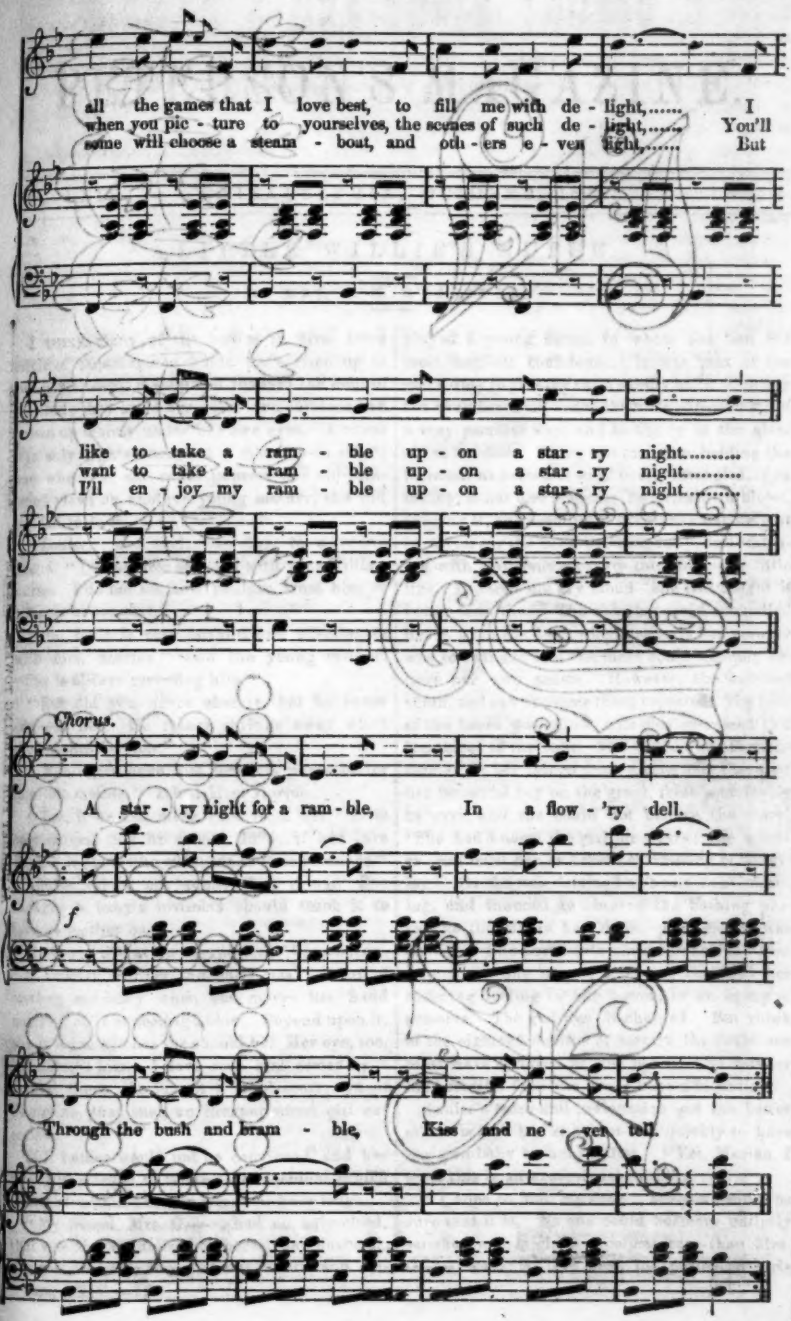
A STARRY NIGHT FOR A RAMBLE.

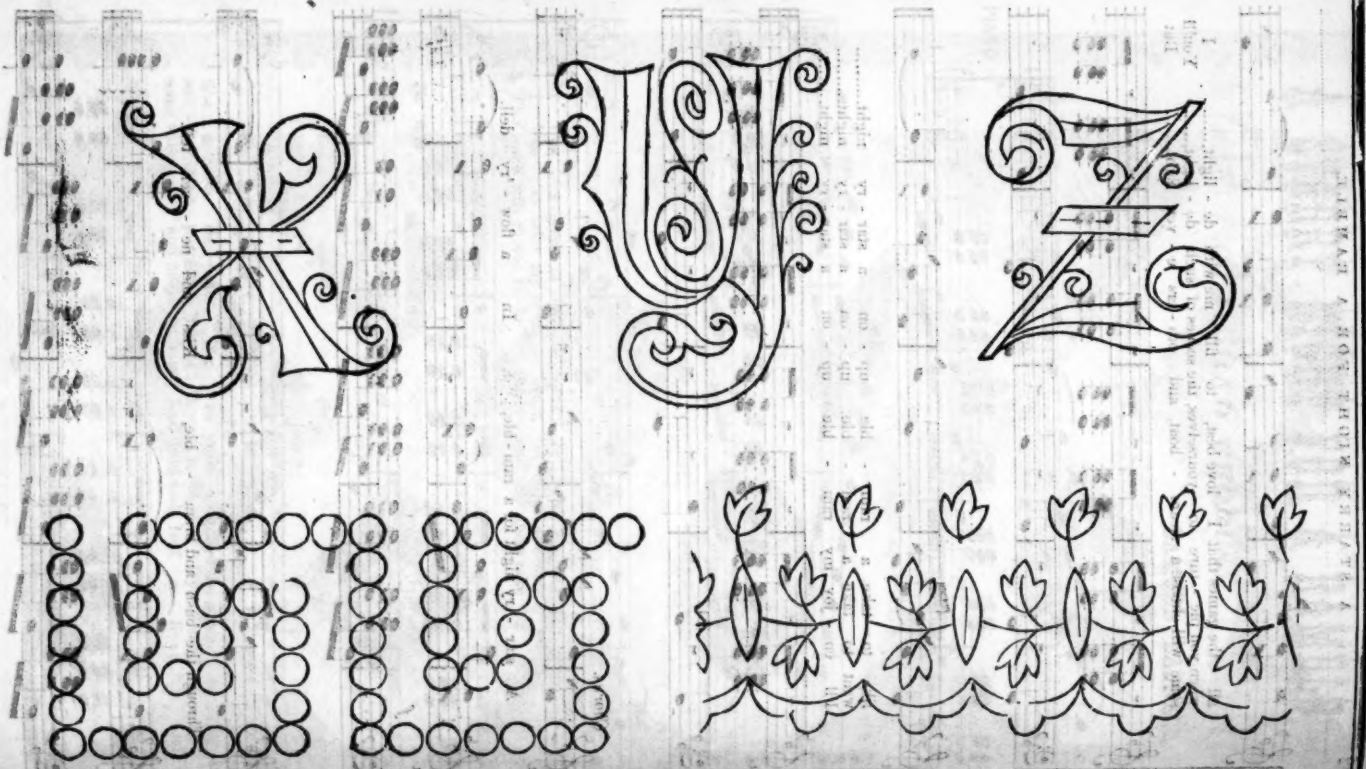
(SONG AND CHORUS.)

SAMUEL BACHELL.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.




all the games that I love best, to fill me with de - light,..... I
when you pic - ture to yourselves, the scenes of such de - light,..... You'll
some will choose a steam - boat, and oth - ers e - ven flight,..... But
like to take a ram - ble up - on a star - ry night.....
want to take a ram - ble up - on a star - ry night.....
I'll en - joy my ram - ble up - on a star - ry night.....
Chorus.
A star - ry night for a ram - ble, In a flow - 'ry dell.
f
Through the bush and bram - ble, Kiss and ne - ver tell.



ALPHABET FOR MARKING TOWELS, SHEETS, ETC. EMBROIDERIES.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXIV. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1873. No. 4.

LITTLE WILLIE'S NURSE.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

I THINK many of the babies in Mrs. Lee's circle of acquaintance would have risen up to call her blessed, if they had realized the debt of gratitude they owed her. Her own children had grown up mainly under her own eyes. A nurse was only an assistant, not a manager-in-chief; and whenever she could impress her old-fashioned views on another young mother, she did not fail to do it.

"Louise," she said, one day, to a young friend. "I do not feel satisfied with your Willie's nurse. I do not see how you can trust him so entirely to her care."

"Oh, Belle is very faithful and affectionate with him, Marian," said the young mother. "She is always caressing him."

"But did you never observe that he never caresses her. He rather shrinks away when she reaches for him."

"Would you have him love his nurse better than his mother?" asked Mrs. Morton.

"Yes, if he has more care from her. It is only natural that he should do so, if her care is what it should be when out of your presence."

Louise would not admit that thing. She thought a baby's instincts should teach it to love its mother best.

Marian smiled at her inexperience, but went on.

"Another fashion the child has, is that of starting suddenly when she moves her hand quickly, as if expecting a blow. Depend upon it, she is not as kind as she should be. Her eye, too, intimidates him. I have seen him cowed by it several times. It is not a wholesome sort of discipline, that such an inexperienced girl exercises.

Still Louise would not be convinced, and her friend proceeded to relate a true incident, which occurred within her own personal knowledge.

"My friend, Mrs. G——, had an only child, that was almost idolized by herself and husband. She was boarding in a pleasant family, and employed a young nurse, in whom she had the most implicit confidence. It was part of the girl's duty to give the child a daily bath. One day the chamber-maid heard the little one sobbing in a very peculiar way, and looked in at the glass above the door. There was the nurse holding the little one under water until nearly strangled, then taking it out and stopping its cries with blows, gagging it, and seeming to take a fiendish delight in torturing the little writhing body, and watching with malicious pleasure the quivering little lips. It dared not cry aloud—she had taught it better than that. The chamber-maid compelled her to open the door, when instantly her manner was so changed that the maid could scarcely believe her own senses. However, she watched again, and saw the same thing repeated. The lady of the house was called, who also witnessed this treatment of the babe. The mother was then informed on her return from a ride, but there sat her beautiful boy on the grass, fresh and lovely as ever, and she could not believe the story. 'She had known the girl for years; she would as soon trust her as herself.' 'Seeing is believing.' So she was detained at home next morning, and induced to observe the bathing process as the others had done. One glance was enough. She burst into the presence of 'that wretch,' as she termed her, and snatched her suffering darling to her bosom, in an agony of remorse. The girl was discharged. But think of the eighteen months of torture the little one must have endured at her hands. No wonder his beautiful face was never known to smile."

Louise's tears and indignation got the better of her voice; but she sent out quickly to have her own baby brought to her. "Yet, Marian, I trust this is an exceptional case."

"I hope so, too, my dear. But you cannot be sure that it is. No one could be more entirely satisfied with a girl's excellent care than Mrs. G—— was. At the best, inexperienced girls

have not the judgment needful to take care of an infant. A little carelessness and a child receives an injury that is life-long. I knew a beautiful little fellow who was suffering from a large boil on the side of his head. A nurse let him fall heavily, exactly on that spot. Two physicians spent the whole night trying, with powerful opiates, to deaden the pain; and it was not until toward morning that his fearful shrieks were quieted. His brain was injured for life, and he became a half imbecile."

"Why don't that girl hurry down with Willie?" asked Louise, impatiently. "I'm going for him," and she threw down the beautiful Afghan she was crocheting for his dainty carriage.

"Do, dear, and see that she is taking proper care of him."

The slippered feet stepped lightly to the nursery, and she found the door locked.

"Open the door this instant," she demanded, in a voice not to be disobeyed.

There was delay and evident confusion, mingled with Willie's cries; and the girl was suffused with crimson when her mistress entered. The little grieving mouth of the baby tried to utter the word, "mamma," as he stretched his arms toward her. In an instant he was hugged to her bosom, and sitting down, the mother demanded an explanation of the scene.

She could gather little from the girl's confused statements, further than that "Willie was awful cross." A story-book lay on the floor; the child had still his wrapper on, and the mother determined for once to bathe and dress him herself.

The girl seemed much alarmed at the proposal, and begged to be allowed to do it herself. The lady "would spoil her beautiful wrapper. She was used to dressing him, and would do it directly."

"Bring me the bath and Willie's clothes," said the mother, sharply.

They were brought with great reluctance, and many delays.

The little disrobed form lay in a fleecy blanket on her lap, and there, on its marble surface, were the prints of the wretched girl's whole hand, where she had recently struck him. Various discolored marks, turning from blue to yellow, showed where she had often been in the habit of pinching him.

"Ask Mrs. Lee to come up," said the mother, in a husky voice, not daring to trust herself to speak, as she gathered her baby to her bosom, and rocked him in an agony of self-reproach.

"See this, Marian," she said, after the girl had been directed to go to her own room, "and say whether I can ever forgive myself," and she burst into a flood of hysterical tears.

It took some skill to soothe both mother and child; but Marian was equal to it. The now happy baby was old enough to comprehend that something in its favor had happened, and soon forgot its sorrows in the abundant amusement provided for it.

"What shall I do with Belle?" was the query.

"You talk to her, Marian. I cannot trust myself to do it."

"Poor girl! she is to be pitied," said Marian, musingly.

"Pity her, indeed! You should rather pity my dear, innocent baby!"

"I do; but I pity her the most. What is she to do? You cannot recommend her; and without it she can get no other situation. She ought never to have the charge of children; yet she might get a living at something else."

"She is a very neat chamber-maid."

"Very well, we can recommend her for that; but have her distinctly to understand that if you ever know of her taking a place as child's nurse again, you will expose her."

"Be very careful, dear Louise, in choosing your next nurse, and do not expect a giddy girl to have more patience with your babe than the mother who bore it. Keep the little one mostly under your own eye, in its waking hours, and you will not fail of your reward."

MY IDEAL.

BY MRS. SARA WOLVERTON.

What! part with my beautiful fairy-child!
Oh, not for the wealth of a king!
For into my life, though never so poor,
'Twill riches unmountable bring.
It exalteth the cot to a palace proud,
And crowns every duty there;
And breaks into beauty the barrenest road
That winds through anobtrusive care.

What! part with my beautiful, beautiful girl!
Through the world like a vagabond go?
Let the echo come back from far-future hills,
I answer, a hundred times, No!

MRS. GUANDELL'S DAUGHTER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Constant Mayhew had been a couple of weeks down at M——, a certain quiet little watering-place, which, a few years since, was a rather favorite resort with a nice class of New Yorkers. He had been there two weeks, and, during the whole period, Minnie Fales had paid him devoted attention, as she always did whenever she got within his reach.

Perhaps you will not like the expression, but I could use no other, that would be so near the truth. She had been in the habit of paying him attention for several years past, and though the offer of marriage (she was obliged to leave that to him) never came, she was always buoyed up by the hope that it would. This meeting at M—— was the first time she had seen him in six months. He had been absent in foreign lands, ostensibly on business for the great banking-house, in which his old father had left him so large a share.

He got his Christian name, and a certain indolent phlegm which characterized him, from a Dutch mother, and, indeed, a goodly portion of the fortune came from her too. He was horribly rich, and so accustomed to receiving attention from young women, that he had never troubled himself to fall in love with anybody. He knew he ought to do it, and to marry likewise, for a few more years would bring him to thirty. But, not unnaturally, he hated the idea of being taken for his money; and the fancy had got firmly fixed in his mind, that it was the money the young women were after, when they lavished their sweet smiles and pretty coquetries upon him.

Minnie Fales bored him a little, but he was accustomed to it now, and her devotion rather helped to keep other pursuers off, for she and her sister, between them, usually made any damsel suffer who showed signs of a desire to snatch from their hands what Minnie considered her lawful prey.

They always kept track of his proceedings, and when he landed in New York this summer, they hurried up to town, and waylaid him before he had been twenty-four hours on shore. They insisted upon his going down to M——, and he went because there was no good reason to refuse! He must go somewhere, he said to himself. They produced him there in triumph, and he stayed so willingly, that Minnie believed this time she should succeed in her fell design, and took upon herself such airs of proprietorship, that strangers were apt to suppose them engaged, and neither Minnie or Mrs. Lane ever contradicted the report. I think Constant himself was rather inclined to believe she would end by marrying him. He was too lazy to take measures to escape. He was used to Minnie and her ways. She amused him, and that was a good deal, as he had an idea that women in general were not amusing in the married state. He never made love to her, or thought of doing so, but he accepted her society, and he had a sentimental face, and a serious way of talking trifles, which led lookers-on to suppose him saying more earnest things. He had known Mrs. Lane and Minnie for ages; he could always smoke in their parlor; they knew how to keep him from feeling bored, and, during that whole fortnight, there was nobody to interfere with their appropriation of him.

At the end of this time down came old Mrs. Guandell, and her unmarried daughter, a young lady whom Constant had never seen, as her wise mother had kept her in complete seclusion, until this, her eighteenth summer. He knew the old lady well enough, and that crafty bird had come thither, with a distinct plan in her brain, though she appeared looking as innocent as a dove. She had gone through life looking innocent, though at one period of her career there had been such dark stories about her, that nothing except the position of her husband's family kept her up. Her husband's death had left her rather cramped in means. Her eldest daughter had married a foreigner, several years previous, and some trouble between them, which was duly reported in America, had revived all the old scandals in regard to the mother, and caused much repetition of the proverb, "like parent, like child."

But at M—— she appeared, and everybody was civil to her, on account of the Guandell name; and as she was one of the most agreeable women in the world, (as I fear she was the wickedest) they were amply repaid.

It was not until the second evening of her arrival, that she brought Caroline into public view, though she had been talking a good deal

about her in her innocent fashion, and had allowed one or two people to have a peep at her—people whom she knew would rave over her pretty face, and excite a certain interest in the minds of the rest.

"Isn't your daughter coming down? There's a dance to-night," ever so many men had said to her this second day.

"Oh, perhaps; I dont know," was her answer. "You see she's not out yet; won't be till winter; I just wanted her to discover what society was like; she's a savage hermitess as yet."

But late in the evening, when everybody was tired and warm with dancing, and Constant Mayhew, sitting beside Minnie Fales, between the pauses of a waltz, was wondering why the tip of Minnie's nose always would get red, Mrs. Guandell entered the ball-room. On her arm leaned a young girl, very simply dressed in white, with no ornaments but a few rose-buds in her hair, looking so very young and fresh, that if she had been less pretty than she was, she would have created a sensation among that troop of bedizzened females, of whom Minnie Fales was about the youngest, and even poor Minnie was twenty-four.

Minnie saw the entrance, and recognized an enemy. She began talking more eagerly to Constant, and leaned forward in the hope that her wreath and voluminous head-gear would shut out the new arrival from him. But Constant caught the sheen of the white robe, heard the murmurs right and left, and put up his eye-glass to aid his miserably-short sight, and raised his head resolutely to look straight over Minnie at the new comer. Just then the music struck out afresh, and a wretch—she called him so in her thoughts—came with a determination to claim Minnie for the dance. She had no mind to let Constant escape, but that cruel creature supported the wretch in his plea.

"Oh, you did promise, Miss Minnie," said he; "if you don't go, Johnstone will say it is my fault, and be for shooting me before breakfast."

So Minnie had to take Johnstone's arm, and be led off, and saw Constant saunter, in his lazy way, down the room to where Mrs. Guandell and her daughter were seated. But, by the time he reached them, the young lady was surrounded two or three deep, and he could only talk to the mother, while waiting for an opportunity to be presented to the daughter, and Mrs. Guandell was too much occupied with elderly friends, to pay him much attention. Actually, he waited there ten minutes, without getting nearer; he for whom, in general, young women and their mammas made a straight road by some means. And, after all, he was not introduced. The men were pleading for a dance, and ready to assault the old lady, because Miss Caroline refused, and glanced at her mother, as if it had been forbidden.

"I can't have her tiring herself," said the General. "She's here for sea air, and society. Besides, she never waltzed in her life, except with her schoolmates."

But she was allowed to walk through a quadrille with one of the elderly men, and Constant had only the poor comfort of watching how graceful she looked; and he fancied that the General's eyes twinkled with malicious enjoyment. However, he kept his stand resolutely; then somebody began to talk to him, and he could not get free. When he could look again, Mrs. Guandell had left her seat; the quadrille was over; she and her daughter were at the other end of the room, and down upon him loomed Minnie Fales, and took him prisoner at once.

"I believe the next dance is yours," said she, sweetly, and he thought her sweetness affectation, and he wondered again why the tip of her nose should get red at inconvenient seasons. But he had to dance with her—and he hated dancing. Then he had to take her into the refreshment-room, and get her an ice, and she was an age devouring it; and by the time they reached the ball-room again, he saw Mrs. Guandell just passing out into the corridor with her daughter on her arm.

However, the next morning he encountered Mrs. Guandell and the young lady on the veranda, and Minnie Fales was not near; and Caroline looked even prettier than ever in her simple dress, with her shiny-brown hair gathered in a knot of curls at the back of her shapely head.

She did not talk much, but what she said was easy and natural; and the old lady made herself fascinating, insomuch that Constant rather wondered at his former prejudice against her.

That was the beginning of a very pleasant month to everybody except Minnie Fales. She fought a gallant battle, but she was really no match for the General, and found herself routed at every point. She paraded her intimacy with Constant more than ever, and she and her sister kept the old scandals in regard to Mrs. Guandell fresh in everybody's mind, though it did not hinder them from being cordial with her.

At first Constant Mayhew was somewhat troubled by his monomania that there was an attempt to "catch" him; but sorely as he suspected the mother, he could not resist the conviction that Caroline had no part in any such plan. He was

allowed to make himself agreeable to her; but the young lady had little freedom, and Mrs. Guandell made it plainly evident that she would permit no flirtations in any quarter.

"She's a child yet," she sometimes said to friends, who would repeat it. "She's not out. I don't mean to have her head turned by nonsense. I want her to have a pleasant season next winter."

The numberless ways in which that worthy woman tormented Minnie Fales and her sister, and quietly revenged herself for their spiteful remarks, would require a volume to relate; and all the while she would be overpoweringly friendly with them, and cause them to gnash their teeth in private. But I think the neatest performance was the yachting trip. She happened to know that poor Minnie was a wretched sailor, and she managed to induce Constant to have his yacht brought down, and a party organized for a day's cruise. Be left behind Minnie would not—she would die sooner than expose Constant, all these hours, to the wiles of the General and Caroline. So she dressed herself in a becoming costume, filled her pocket with preventives against nausea, and went on board with such courage as she could find.

For awhile she managed to keep Constant beside her, and Caroline did not seem to notice his absence from her group of adorers. But the boat danced more and more, and when at last Mrs. Guandell and a party called for sandwiches, and wine and water, and ate and drank just under her nose, Minnie knew that her hour had come.

"Dear me, Miss Minnie," called the heartless General, "how pale you look. Never mind! The sea air will revive you presently."

And Minnie could not even answer. Could only set her teeth hard, while sea and sky swam together, and her head buzzed, and she felt herself grow greener and yellower each instant.

"I'm afraid you are not well," said Constant; and she saw by his face that he knew the truth and was disgusted, as people who do not suffer always are at the sight of any unfortunate, whose head and stomach will not endure the caprices of ocean.

Another five minutes, and she was obliged to take refuge in the little cabin; and there she lay on a sofa, limp and dying, as she thought, during the long afternoon, while her forgetful friends were enjoying themselves on deck, and Caroline Guandell was putting the crowning stroke to her fascinations by singing a sea-song, in a delicious soprano voice, whose echoes rang down into the stuffy retreat where Minnie lay weeping dolorously, and caused her to wish that instant destruction might overtake herself and every soul on board.

This was just at the end of the month, and Mrs. Guandell perceived that Constant Maybew had reached a state of mind, where some wise stroke of policy might bring about the result, which had been her object in this visit to M——.

There was a hop, that night, and Minnie Fales was really too ill to appear; and her sister was forced to stay up stairs and take care of her, and the evening was anything but agreeable to either.

To-night, Constant was more attentive than ever to Caroline, and was half aware himself that he had glided into an unusual state of feeling, though he did not take the trouble to think much about it.

And while people were at supper, Mrs. Guandell quietly took her daughter out on the veranda, and repeated, as if it had just come to her ears, some remark that Constant had made about herself. It had originally been of slight consequence, but it became of a good deal in Mrs. Guandell's way of telling it; and Caroline was divided between anger and pain.

"You mustn't cry," said the General. "Walk up and down a little, while I go and get a cup of tea. I'm dead with fatigue."

Constant came to her in the supper-room to know where Caroline was, but got slight information, though she managed soon to whisper to an old tabby-friend, loud enough for him to hear,

"She is out on the veranda. She would not come in here, it is so dreadfully hot."

Away went Constant on the instant, and found Caroline sitting in the moonlight, looking as pretty as anything human well could.

"What can I bring you?" he asked.

She had been so busy thinking, that she had not heard his approach. She turned quickly and having his eye-glass on, he could see that she regarded him with strong displeasure.

"Nothing," she replied, coldly, and rose to enter the house.

"Don't let me drive you away," he said.

"You are very good," she replied, in the same frigid tone.

He looked at her in surprise. It was a phase of treatment to which he was not accustomed from her sex.

"I should almost think I had offended you, Miss Guandell," he said, laughing; "only my conscience acquits me of the possibility, and we were good friends half an hour ago."

"Yes, and I thought you very nice, and I liked you very much," she answered, quickly, with an impulsiveness he had never seen her show.

"May I ask what I can have possibly done to change your feelings?" he inquired, rather coldly, ready at once to suspect some design on his peace.

She struggled a little to keep her tears back, and her voice trembled, but she went on courageously.

"If you had such a bad opinion of mamma and her family, I wonder that you have been so polite to us as you have been! I think it very deceitful and very wicked, and I will never forgive you! I wouldn't have cared, if it had been about me; but I love my mother, and she is good, and I think it a shame for any man to have used such language as you did. If papa were alive you would not have dared to do it!"

He stood utterly confounded by her vehement passion. But before he could find a word, voices and steps sounded within. She hurried down the veranda, and disappeared in the corridor. By the time he reached it she had vanished.

Constant spent a rather sleepless night, divided between very contradictory feelings.

It was late when he left his room the next morning, and he had rather decided that it behooved him to be watchful and wary. To his utter surprise, the first news that reached him was that Caroline Guandell had left M——, by the early train. A telegram had been received from the aunt, with whom she usually lived, and she had gone off under the care of the ancient *femme de chambre*.

It was a dull morning to Constant. Minnie Fales met him, and tried to be interesting, in spite of the headache which still clung to her; but she was absolutely odious in his eyes.

It was late in the day before he could get speech with Mrs. Guandell. She treated him just as usual, and absolutely burst out laughing, when he referred to the incident of the previous night.

"My dear friend," said she, "don't stammer and try for excuses. Everybody abuses everybody. Why should I expect to escape? Caroline is young and foolish, and takes things *au serieux*. Some idiot told her what you had said, and it seems she treated you to a fine lecture. She told me of it."

"I beg you to believe, Mrs. Guandell," he answered, "that since I have really known you, no word has passed my lips that could offend. I like you very much, and I have the highest admiration for your daughter."

"Then that's all right. I'll let Carry know what you say. Don't think about it again. She is only a child."

"And she has gone!"

"Oh, yes! Her aunt was not well, and she regards Carry as her property. To tell you a secret, she means her to marry Tom—that's my sister's step-son, when he comes back from South America; and I fancy she did not like the reports she got of Carry's gayety."

"Oh!" said Constant, and felt that he looked silly.

"Now, Carry," Mrs. Guandell went on easily, "knows nothing about this, and likes Tom as a cousin. But it was better she should go. I couldn't have her head turned among you young irresistibles. You will all flirt, even you engaged ones."

"I don't perceive the application of the pronoun," said he.

"And, to be frank," she went on, as if she had not heard, "I do not think you have behaved quite well of late. I mean as far as Miss Fales is concerned. She has every reason to be offended at your neglect; but she ought to have taken you to task, instead of attacking my daughter and me."

He looked red, and furiously angry.

"May I ask where you gained that preposterous idea, in regard to my engagement?" he inquired, stiffly.

"From current rumor. I believed it when I came here. That made me willing to let Carry be friendly with you. I knew Tom's interests would run no risk."

Tom was a hopeless invalid, as old as his step-mother, and had lost his money; but Constant did not know that.

"Permit me, distinctly, to contradict the report," he said, spurred on by that allusion to Tom.

"Of course, I am bound to believe you," she answered. "But you haven't behaved well all the same. You have offered, or received attentions. I don't like such conduct. To be honest—I'm glad to like when I can—I am a little displeased with you. But never mind! I shall not be here long, and by next winter Carry and Tom, and I may probably be comfortable in Brazil."

"Miss Fales is an old friend——"

"Yes! yes! she's a nice girl, in spite of her bad tongue, and no heart to speak of. The best thing you can do is to marry her! At all events,

I couldn't leave my daughter here to become the target for her and her sister to shoot at."

He went straight over the precipice before he knew it.

"I consider Miss Fales as a friend," he said. "There has been only one young lady here to whom I thought of paying attention, and that was your daughter."

"Then I am very glad she is gone," replied the General. "I don't want her to have attentions! They mean nothing, and compromise a girl hopelessly. Look at poor Minnie. There, we'll not quarrel. I can't stop any longer."

Off she went, and left Constant with only one clear idea in his mind. He must and would see Caroline, and make his peace; and, besides, it seemed an awful thing to sacrifice her to that Tom, just from family interest.

In a couple of days, he went up to New York, on the plea of business, and was gone for some time. He had journeyed into Connecticut, and roved about the house where Caroline was secluded, but had not succeeded in seeing her. He had written a penitent, rather tender letter, but it had remained unanswered.

When he arrived at M——, Mrs. Guandell sent for him, before he had leisure to change his dusty clothes.

"May I ask the meaning of your conduct?" she demanded, not at all belligerently, but as if laughing at him, "Why did you go secretly, and try to see my daughter?"

"Because I wanted to explain, and set myself straight in her esteem," he answered.

"I had managed that," she said. "I wrote her. I told you I would. Now I don't like this sort of nonsense; and I assure you I shall not permit it. I laugh, but I am in earnest. I cannot have my daughter compromised to gratify a caprice of yours! If she had been like a great many silly girls, she would have seen you; and fancy the stories Minnie Fales and her set would have made out of it when the report reached them. I am seriously offended with you, Mr. Mayhew! Do let me and my daughter alone; submit to your fate; tell the gentle Minnie to buy her bridal wreath; I'll agree that my Carry shall be chief bridesmaid."

"I have already told you that I have no such thought—never had——"

"It doesn't make any difference," she interrupted. "You must do it, if it was only for the sake of other people! It would really be a charitable act toward young ladies in general; for until you do, Minnie will try to blacken every girl that you so much as look at."

He fairly mashed his summer straw hat between his hands; he must tear something—she stung his vanity too deeply.

"It was lucky for you my sister did not know of your being near," pursued the General; "she'd certainly have set the big bull-dog on you. She would guard Tom's portion against a regiment of idle young men, who only want to amuse themselves, without caring how much harm they may do."

"How can you misjudge me so cruelly?" he asked.

"Just as easily as you could believe any story the gossips chose to invent about me or mine," she replied, calmly.

"When I have said that I did not——"

"Very well; I'll say I have misjudged you, when you marry Miss Minnie, or, at least, promise not to undertake any more wild-goose chases in search of my little girl."

"I am afraid I can't promise that," he said.

She grew grave enough now, and sat looking full in his face.

"If I were a man, I should find it easy to answer you," she said, sternly. "As it is, you must promise me, Mr. Mayhew. Do you suppose that I will allow my daughter to be injured in the world's eyes by such conduct?"

"If you would let me finish!" he cried, impatiently.

"You have said more than enough."

"I—I came to ask your permission to offer my hand to your daughter," he stammered.

She leaned back in her chair, and looked confounded. He told, rather clumsily, the rise and growth of his affection—became more earnest and determined, as he thought that his rash conduct might possibly be the means of doing the young girl harm.

"But Tom?" were her first words. "Dear me, you are more foolish than ever. Oh, what shall I do if Minnie Fales doesn't marry you out of hand?"

"You admitted that your daughter was ignorant of that plan; you have no right to sacrifice her; you have no right to refuse my offer."

"Bless me, what have I a right to do?" she asked.

"At least you ought to give her the option of refusing or accepting me. You ought to send her a letter from me in which I do my best to plead my cause."

She reflected a little.

"I wish I could see my way clear," she sighed at last.

He was roused now to a pitch where he could

talk eloquently enough, and, before the conversation ended, she agreed to his proposal.

"I will write to her," she said. "After all the gossip Minnie Fales has made, it is only simple justice to Caroline. But I warn you that I don't believe you stand the least chance, and my sister will be furious, and poor Tom!"

The very uncertainty rendered him the more eager to try his fate. Each time she introduced Tom's name he bounded like a horse struck by a spur.

The letters were written and dispatched, and, during the next four days, Mayhew went about very anxious and miserable. Minnie Fales persecuted him a great deal during the season, and Mrs. Guandell helped her as much as she could; and poor Minnie was betrayed into a thousand absurdities, which Constant could not prevent, though he had the best will to do so.

In her blind folly, Minnie actually believed that she had succeeded in driving Caroline away. She thought that the General had sent her off, in disgust at the failure of her plans to entrap Constant; and Minnie exulted hugely, but no sentiment of pity or generosity led her to spare her vanquished foes. She and Mrs. Lane talked more and more about the old scandals in regard to the General, and did not scruple to add that the real reason the daughter had been banished was because neither she or her mother could bear the humiliation of letting the world see how they had failed.

The General was more affectionate than ever with them; she invited Minnie to her room, and would have Constant there to meet her, and wormed herself into Minnie's confidence, fooling her to the top of her bent, for the old woman was a perfect Red Indian in her determination to avenge herself on any unfortunate who assailed her, or tried to thwart her designs.

One might have pitied the girl, had not her own conduct been so outrageously bad; but the few who knew Mrs. Guandell well, were only inclined to laugh, certain that the comedy had not yet reached its closing act—all the more certain that the General meant her mischief, as each hour of those four days the lady grew sweeter to Minnie, and fonder of her, and annoyed Mayhew by bringing him within reach of the young woman's wiles.

But Minnie was hopelessly blind, and Mrs. Lane, at all times, was no better than an idiot; an evil-disposed one, with a bad tongue. Minnie actually believed that this affection on the General's part, was only an effort to conceal her mortification, gotten up in the hope that it would keep people from saying that Caroline had been flirted with, and ignominiously defeated, in her effort to entrap her (Minnie's) lawful prey.

So she pursued Constant relentlessly, whispered to him in public, sighed at him, languished, did everything that could render her ridiculous, and increase the General's delight and triumph. The fourth day the old wretch actually told Minnie that her belief was the proposal would be made before night, and promised to afford an opportunity to Constant, if Minnie would come to her room. And Minnie went, and there was a little knot of Mrs. Guandell's intimates, all perfectly aware what was going on, and amusing themselves with Minnie's misery, because they did not go away, and leave her the field clear.

The term of probation closed. That evening Mrs. Guandell sent for Constant, and placed a letter in his hands. It was for him, though written to the lady herself.

"I never was so astonished in my life," said she. "I shall not dare see my sister for a year. Poor Tom!"

Caroline had accepted him. Constant was anxious, for his own peace, to make the engagement known at once. But the General refused. She consented, after much coaxing, to let Caroline come back; but it was only on condition that no word was spoken, which could reveal the true state of affairs.

"She's very shy, and would be perfectly miserable," she said, "to have people staring at her, and talking her over! Don't be selfish, dear. I'll take her off to Tom yet!"

Two days later, Caroline came back, looking prettier than ever. The very evening of her arrival, Mrs. Guandell gave a little dinner in her rooms, and, without the knowledge either of Constant or her daughter, Minnie Fales and Mrs. Lane were among the invited guests.

At table, Minnie was placed between the engaged pair, and the repast went on gayly enough, almost to the dessert. Then, without any warning, Mrs. Guandell whispered to her neighbor—and a very audible whisper it was—news which everybody caught up at once, and, in the hush that followed, Mrs. Guandell said, aloud,

"We are all intimate friends, and I never could keep a secret, so I shall ask you to drink health and happiness to my daughter and Mr. Mayhew. They have followed the steps their elders were foolish enough to take in their youth."

There was a low cry from Minnie Fales; but as all eyes turned upon her, Caroline Guandell, scarlet with annoyance, was folding a napkin about her own hand, and saying,

"I have covered it up, Miss Minnie—it doesn't bleed much! I cut my finger," she added, al-

dressing the table generally; "and it made Miss Fales ill—so many people get faint at sight of blood."

She led Minnie out of the room, and was so composed about the matter, that the old Red Indian's crowning malice half lost its point; but Caroline certainly gained in her lover's eyes by her good-nature and charity.

Whatever sort of wife Mrs. Guandell might have been in her day, she certainly proved an admirable mother-in-law, for she had sense enough to leave the young people a great deal to themselves, and Constant believes in her to this moment.

Minnie Fales thought of going into a decline, but decided to live. She deserted the gay world, and took to charities and good works. Her zeal has met with its reward at length. Only yesterday, I heard that she was about to marry a parson. As the invitations for the wedding have been issued, I suppose poor Minnie has made no mistake this time, in regard to her engagement.

SUNSET CLOUDS.

BY MRS. M. J. FORREST.

Lo! in the west the sunset clouds,
In red and amber dyes,
Unfurl their pinions to the breeze,
And tint with gold the skies.

A picture bright, I weave within
The soft cloud's tinted mist,
That idly float along the sky,
By evening zephyrs kissed.

There seems to rise within the folds
A human face, divinely fair;
A mother's saintly features bend
Above her infant, cradled there.

The tender eyes look fondly down,
The graceful head is bowed;
The soft, bright hair around her floats,
A glorious golden cloud.

The vision sweet floats in the air,
And changes with the varying flight
Of those bright clouds that sail on high,
Until the distance hides the sight.

The glow dies out, the bright tints pale;
A pearly mist the radiance shrouds;
And lovely fancies, formed in air,
Fade with the sunset clouds.

VOICES FROM THE RIVER.

BY SAM F. SPENCER.

Out on the brink stood a drooping form,
And looked at the stream and gathering storm,
While the winds went wailing by;
And the brown-owl sat in his drenched nest,
While the night-hawk, in tones of wild unrest,
Screamed through the gloomy sky.

Even the elm-tree uttered a shriek,
And tried in unearthly tones to speak,
And tell a dark, dark tale;

The hands were upraised to a burning brow,
For the night of woe had fallen now,
And the face was deathly pale.

The waters were singing a funeral dirge,
And the cries of the wild and moaning surge
Made a sad and lonely sound;
The waves broke apart with a stifled scream,
The brown-owl woke from a troubled dream,
And a form in the depths lay drowned.

ALONE.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

Not that I loved my darling less,
That I to link my life to his was loth;
The hand of God was broad enough to bless
The lives, I knew—though separate—of both.
And Fate had so ordained it for our good,
That life could never be just what we planned;
That it was best too well we understood,
Though why we did not, could not understand.

And so I put the blissful cup away,
Whose sweet, sweet draught so long had tempted me,
And tried "Thy blessed will, not mine," to say,
And to forget the joys that could not be.
But all the years of life have proved
The fallacy of what we fancied right.
Had I been wedded to the man I loved,
I had not, dying, been alone to-night.

"HOW ABBIE WAS CAUGHT."

BY EMMA F. U. WHITCOMB.

Abbie laughed. It was dreadfully embarrassing for me, but that did not seem to make any difference—a regular laugh bubbled out; it made me think of a meadow-lark's song, in its freshness and freedom.

It happened like this: Harriet Wyman came in while we were busy with our morning work, and sat gossiping with us. Abbie called her the Bulletin, the Extra Edition, Circumlocution Intelligence Office, and other names of like character. How she finds out things I do not understand, but she knows everything in the way of gossip. She told us now that a friend of ours, a man she had never met, was about to be married a second time, and said, "he has been a widower a suitable time, and if he chooses to marry a wife, I don't know as I have any objection." Here it was that Abbie laughed—she is always doing it in the wrong place. I have known that girl, when two persons have risen in prayer-meeting at once, to fill the second of indecision as to which shall sit down first, with a laugh. She giggles outright when her father and uncle Joe are quarreling like two roosters about election, and she makes a point of doing it when Elder Blake asks the blessing. What that girl will do when she is married, and hasn't me to help her out of her scrapes, I don't know. How I tried to turn it off on the cat, for I didn't want Harriet Wyman's feelings hurt. I said, "do take those papers off the kitten's feet, and don't laugh at the poor thing." Hiram is a monster of inhumanity ten years old, whom mother is "bringing up;" but she hasn't yet started him in the way he should go, and he had been tormenting poor puss. Happily, Harriet is obtuse, and she didn't take offence at this little episode, but talked right along. Her conversation reminds me of our orchard brook—it flows on without inflection, purling over pebbles; it would sing one asleep in a half hour. "I never knew a widower who didn't marry if he could get any one to have him—and you can't expect him to go mourning round forever. They're pretty much alike, all of 'em." Here the brook met with an obstruction. "It isn't so," said Abbie. "There's just as much difference in men as there is in women." Our Abbie is having a flirtation with a medical student, and she has a high opinion of the other sex. And why shouldn't she? The roughest man I ever knew let Abbie see the best side; and Abbie's eyes are quick to catch even faint glimpses of the good. "You'll find, Abbie," continued Harriet, "that men are men." "I don't believe it," cried Abbie. Harriet smiled, and went around the remark, as I have seen the brook run around a bit of a boulder, and pretty soon she went away. I saw that Abbie was thinking disagreeable thoughts; she ironed more energetically than ever; in fact, once she put the point of the flat-iron right through one of the ruffles on her white lawn dress. If you want anything done in a hurry, just get Abbie a little put out about something. At last she set the flat-iron down with a thud, and, with a scornful glance, said, "What does Harriet Wyman know about men? They are not alike; and yet, oh, Sarah! if ever a man loved a woman, John Hermon loved May; he was devotion itself. How we girls used to envy her, and now she has been dead two years and a half, and he is marrying again. I'd rather have a little more remembrance, and a little less monument." She tried to say it lightly, but the corner of her mouth trembled, for May Hermon, the first wife, had been a dear friend of hers. She loved her with the almost worshipful love girls sometimes feel for those older and more beautiful than themselves; and May's little girl, with her mother's own face, and great pleading eyes, had taken possession of the next warmest corner of Abbie's heart.

"Men are not like women, that is certain," said she. "Do you suppose that if John Hermon had died in giving birth to that child that May would have married, so that baby could have a guardian! As long as she lived she would have remembered that her child's life, and her loved one's death were parts of the same mystery, and she would have been more faithful to his memory; but John is marrying some one to take care of baby. I wonder he didn't marry old Mrs. Hemminway the day of the funeral. She is a good, experienced nurse, and if a child ever needs a mother, it does when it is a day and a half old. I think," said Abbie, "there was a higher wisdom than we have understood in what we call heathenish rites. I wish that it were customary here, when a man's wife dies, to burn him on a funeral pile." There is no use in try-

ing to restrain Abbie when she gets to going, so I calmly took my knitting-work, prepared to say a reasonable word when my turn came.

"Love and constancy are like religion," she said. "If it is anything, it is everything. When Jesus went away from them, did the disciples follow some other master? John Hermon knows that if May were here it would give her pain to have him show preference for any woman but her; but because she is in heaven, and he can't see her, he will do her this wrong. It must be that he don't believe in a hereafter. I don't believe that it is possible for May ever to become so interested in playing a harp, and so purified from all human feeling, as to enjoy seeing John walking through the pearly gate, with another woman on his arm." I had to interrupt here.

"You are growing positively wicked, Abbie," I said; "and you know we have to go on living after that which makes life sweet is fled; we must eat, and drink, and sleep, and wake, and dress, if the heart is gone out of it all."

"I don't deny that," said Abbie. "But a person can do all that, and not be married once even. I have heard of old maids, and bachelors, who lived to a respectable age, and died lamented. I don't believe it ever occurred to uncle Joe, for instance, that he could marry. It is the spirit of the thing that I look at. A man and woman love each other; they promise before God and man to be true till death. All is poetry and white flowers, or, as Mrs. Nickleby's crazy brother says, "all is gas and gaiters," and it actually seems as if it is a true marriage; then one dies, and the other seeks a new mate. It was so near dinner-time that our conversation was interrupted, and was never, indeed, resumed.

John Hermon married again, and Abbie and I called on his wife, whom we found a complete contrast to beautiful May; but a very elegant, quiet woman. I wondered all the way home how it had come about, for Abbie made no comment upon the bride, and I saw tears in her eyes when baby May kissed her good-by.

A few weeks after, Abbie came in from a walk, quite flushed and nervous. I knew at once something had happened. "What is it?" I said. For a long while she would not tell me, but, finally, she broke out, "The impudent fellow! what do you think?" "Think! Who?" I answered, bewildered. Then she began to laugh, and so out came the story.

It seems she was coming, by a foot-path through the woods, from visiting Hetty Jones, when suddenly she heard a man's footsteps behind her, as if in pursuit. "My heart began to beat pretty fast; but I wasn't going to hasten my pace," said Abbie. "But the steps grew quicker, and got nearer, and, at last, I heard a voice call, 'Miss.' Of course, at this, I had to stop and look around, to show, if nothing else, that I wasn't afraid. But, instead of the drunken beggar I had expected, or a foot-pad," (Abbie quite forgot that foot-pads went out with mail-coaches,) "I saw a handsome young man." Here Abbie blushed, "who was standing, hat in hand, and bowing, but with a saucy look, I thought, in his fine eyes, for, would you believe it—what could be more provoking?—my dress had got caught, and if I had gone a step further, it would have been torn. I couldn't help looking daggers at him. I knew it was rude, but what business had he to smile so complacently? 'Permit me,' he said, stooping and loosening my dress. Then, with another bow, he added, 'You dropped your handkerchief, Miss, just as you came into the wood, and I've been trying to overtake you ever since.' I took the handkerchief and thanked him, and he bowed again and smiled, and turned back. Impudent fellow! I shall hate him all my life."

I could not exactly see why a man should be called "impudent," for restoring a handkerchief to a lady, but I knew Abbie too well to argue the question just then.

That night we were invited to Mrs. Hermon's, to a tea-party. To my surprise Abbie was delighted to go. "To study human nature, you know," she said.

Mrs. Hermon was at least a model housekeeper; the arrangement of the rooms was delightful—exquisite taste was manifested everywhere. I turned to say this to Abbie, but saw her across the room in animated conversation with a tall, fine-looking gentleman Mrs. Hermon had introduced as her brother. I thought him elegant, and Abbie seemed to share that opinion; he took her out to tea, and it happened that they sat near enough, so I could hear their conversation. Abbie was admiring a bouquet near her, and John said, "May always thought pansies and lilies of the valley should be placed near each other—she seemed to think flowers had souls." Abbie made no reply, and an expression I dread to see came upon her face, and, turning to Mrs. Hermon's brother, she said, "Rather bad taste to parade one's first wife's fancies before one's second. It reminds me of Mrs. Bayham Badger." The gentleman gave her a peculiar look, and I groaned internally. What must he think of this outspoken girl; he did not dream of the generous heart that beats a quick response to all that is good and true. I was heartily glad when we were at home again. I have much the same

feeling about going out with Abbie that Mrs. Monroe told me she used to have about taking Bennie with her. He never left a house till he had broken something, and generally it was an article that could not be replaced. I gave Abbie a long lecture while we were undressing. Then I asked her what she thought of Mrs. Hermon's brother. She blew the light out before she replied, though my hair wasn't half unbraided, and said "she thought he was very impudent. In fact," said she, laughing, "he was the footpad that overtook me in the wood." "Oh! ho!" said I. "But I like him better than I do his sister," she interrupted, snappishly. "Any woman that will marry a widower——" Here I begged her not to get on that subject, as I would like a little sleep before morning; and so, after kissing me good-night, Abbie turned her face toward the wall—and there was silence till morning.

The days went on. Mrs. Hermon and her brother called, and after that he came alone. It did not occur to me that Abbie was interested, till one day Jan Briscoe said, "Which is it, Abbie, medicine or law?" and she blushed, and said nothing.

We had never had so gay a summer. The warm weather lingered, and Jan Briscoe said, "We must have one more picnic—a grand closing up, a sort of doxology to the summer;" and it was decided that we should all go to Johnson's Point, about ten miles off, to spend the day. And a merry party of twelve started at seven o'clock, all crowded into one great wagon, perfectly uncomfortable and delightful. We arrived at Johnson's, had dinner, and, after that, according to some unknown principle of selection, couples separated, and wandered off by themselves.

I had brought "Dombey and Son" with me, for I had a presentiment that I was to be inflicted with Jack Hunter; and, sure enough, he seated himself beside me, and I at once opened my book, knowing he would be asleep in a few minutes. But, after all, the afternoon passed quickly and pleasantly, and I didn't think it could be so late when the party began to come back, and to talk about having a sail. "All aboard," cried Jan; but where were Abbie and Mr. Foster? Just as we were debating whether to leave them, or wait, Abbie came up, alone, her eyes and nose red, her cheeks flushed, and soon after Mr. Foster came, looking quite unconcerned; but I fancied he felt ill at ease, and noticed that Abbie flirted outrageously with Jan all the rest of the day. It was ended at last, and a tired party reached home at midnight, glad and sorry it was over. Abbie ran up stairs the minute we were in the house, leaving me to lock the door, and look under the beds. When I went up, I found she had undressed in the dark, and was in bed. She tried to make me think she was asleep; but after I was in bed too, I heard a little sob, and I whispered, "Dear Abbie, what is the trouble?" She wouldn't tell me for a long time, but, finally, she said, "That man has made me perfectly miserable." "What man, Abbie?" I asked. "Mrs. Hermon's brother." "What has he done?" "Oh, Sarah! he told me—what shall I do?" Here Abbie sat up in bed. "He told me that he likes me!" "Well, Abbie," I said, "I feel very sorry for him, if you don't care for him—and you don't, do you?" I waited a little while for my answer, then she said, in a faint voice, "But I'm afraid I do!" "Afraid, Abbie! Why he seems to me a noble man, and if you love each other, I know mother will not object." "Oh, you surprising old Sarah," cried Abbie. "Who ever thought you had an idea!" Then, in a tone of unaffected misery, she said, "It can never be—he is a widower!"

If Abbie had pushed me out of the bed, as she hasn't done since we were children, and I had found myself on the floor, I couldn't have been any more shocked. "It isn't possible, Abbie; we should have heard of it;" and I arose then and lighted the lamp, and looked at Abbie. There she sat, her hair in shining rings all tumbling down in her neck, her face tear-stained—a most forlorn-looking little figure.

Then we talked the matter over. She said he told her he had constantly thought of the remark she made at the table the first time they met, and he had been sorely tempted to keep the truth from her, till he had won her love, if that were possible. He told her he had married when a mere boy; it was a match brought about by the parents; and he spoke so kindly of her. "I wish he hadn't, for then I should have hated him," said poor Abbie. He said that as he became a man, she remained a child in mind, and heart—and it was unhappy for both. Then God took her, "and I shall always remember her tenderly," he said, "as a little flower that was given me to cherish, till it faded; but as the wife and love of my manhood—never."

"Dear me, Abbie," I said, a little maliciously, "since you have so far forgotten what is due to yourself as to fall in love with a widower, it will do very well to marry him." "I'd rather be unhappy than to be ridiculed all my life. I said, when I first saw him, he was an impudent fellow, and that I hated him," she said; and I laughed, and, toward morning, we both fell asleep. But when morning really came, there

was the question unsettled still, rising up before Abbie. It almost rose before me, too. I began to feel as if the man had been guilty of proposing to us both. It was strange that we said nothing to mother; but she was so much engaged with her charity children, and the Home for the Friendless, that we knew she wouldn't half listen; and Father wasn't coming from Liverpool till late in the autumn, so we two girls had to think it all out by ourselves. We had just finished eating our late breakfast, when Bridget, our one maid, brought Mr. Foster's card to Abbie.

"I will not see him," she said. "You must go, Sarah. Tell him there are insurmountable obstacles in the way." "All right," I cried. "Shall I hint at medical students, preoccupied affections? Say you'll always think of him as a friend!" "If you dare!" said Abbie. "Tell him—— I'll go myself," and Abbie, with a very red face, ran into the parlor, and, as she told me afterward, burst out crying like a great baby. Mr. Foster—— Well, when he went away, Abbie was engaged to a widower. "If he had been a pagan or a cannibal, I wouldn't have been any more astonished." I told Abbie this, but, to be truthful, though it is surprising how they do it, I never knew a handsome young widower, who was determined to accomplish such an undertaking, to fail. Perhaps I overacted my part a little, for Abbie said, "You are afraid you will have to jump in the——" "Oh! Abbie," I plead, "Don't finish that horrible sentence. Take your widower, and depart in peace. I'll do all I can to help you."

And it wasn't till Abbie had been married five years, that I dared to hint, in a postscript, at funeral piles, and the higher wisdom in heathen rites.

ZADA.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

I heard her voice in the singing,
And I thought of the angelic choir;
I lingered, and listened, and pondered,
Till it seemed that my heart was on fire
With longing unuttered and fervent,
And a burden of restless desire.

I saw her looking so saintly,
In her virginal purity dressed;
My heart on the instant threw open
Its doors to the heavenly guest,
And love, that sweet angel of brightness,
Took up his abode in my breast.

Saintly and sweet was the music
That fell from the lips of my love;
Solemn and slowly it floated,
This clamor of voices above,
And cleaving the heavenly silence,
It circled aloft like a dove.

Open ye heavenly portals,
To let in the praise of my saint!
Silence, ye thundering organ,
The voice of your wailing complaint!
Compared with my Zada's sweet hymning
Your grand hallelujahs are faint.

Rare are the rose-scented bowers,
Entwined with the blossoms of June;
Bright are the star-jeweled hours,
When wavelets and winds are in tune;
But sweeter the love of my Zada,
And richer my heart for the boon.

And ever her face shineth saintly,
And ever her voice soundeth sweet,
And ever her musical numbers,
The softest of echoes repeat,
And ever I listen and wait for
The fairy-like tread of her feet.

KEEPING THE TRYST.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

Where are you hiding, my little, wild love?
My sweet, shy love, with the summery face;
Where is the gold of your fluttering locks,
And your step with more than an angel's grace?
I come—I come, and the green leaves move,
In a languid dance to the wind's slow song;
And the trysting blossoms are under my feet.
Where are you, darling? I wait too long.

Come, love! for the wild bird's heart is at rest,
Her pulses a-hush where the pine-trees nod;
The shadows are heavy all over the hills,
And dews are a-glow on the moss-grown sod.

Through her gossamer veil the maiden moon
Smiles to her passionate lover, the sea,
Then hides her blushes, as you hide yours,
Cruelest darling! away from me.

Oh, little white dove, with the restless wing,
Haste to the bosom that aches for you;
For the hour is past, and the moon is low,
And the heart impatient that waits for you.
Ah! ha! ho! ho! by the rippling laugh,
Fluttering sweet from the river side;
She comes!—my fairy—my mountain queen—
My blossom of blossoms—my rustic bride.

"THEO."

BY FANNIE HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 190.

CHAPTER III.

But Denis Oglethorpe did not appear again for several days. Perhaps business detained him; perhaps he went oftener to see Priscilla. At any rate, he did not call again until the end of the week.

Lady Throckmorton was in her private room when he came, and as he made his entrance with as little ceremony as usual, he ran in upon Theodora. Now, to tell the truth, he had, until this moment, forgotten all about that young person's very existence. He saw so many pretty girls in a day's round, and he was so often too busy to notice half of them—though he was an admirer of pretty girls—that it was nothing new to see one and forget her, until chance threw them together again. Of course, he had noticed Theodora North that first night. How could a man help noticing her? And the something beautifully over-awed and bashfully curious in her lovely, uncommon eyes, had half amused him. And yet, until this moment, he had forgotten her, with the assistance of proofs, and printers, and Priscilla.

But when, after running lightly up the staircase, he opened the drawing-room door, and saw a tall, lovely figure in a closely-fitting dress of purple cloth, bending over Sabre, and stroking his huge, tawny head with her supple little tender hand, he remembered.

"Ah, yes!" he exclaimed, in an admiring aside. "To be sure; I had forgotten Theodora."

But Theodora had not forgotten him. The moment she saw him she stood up blushing, and with a light in her eyes. It was odd how un-English she looked, and yet how thoroughly English she was in that delicious, uncomfortable trick of blushing vividly upon all occasions. She was quite unconscious of the fact that the purple cloth was so becoming, and that its sweep of straight, heavy folds made her as stately as some Rajah's dark-eyed daughter. She did not feel stately at all; she only felt somewhat confused, and rather glad that Mr. Denis Oglethorpe had surprised her by coming again. How Mr. Denis Oglethorpe would have smiled if he had known what an innocent commotion his simple presence created!

"Lady Throckmorton is upstairs reading," she explained. "I will go and tell her you are here." There were no bells in the house at Downport, and no servants to answer if any one had rang one, and, very naturally, Theo forgot she was not at Downport.

"Excuse me. No," said Mr. Denis Oglethorpe. "I would not disturb her on any account; and, besides, I know she will be down directly. She never reads late in the evening. This is a very handsome dog, Miss North."

"Very handsome, indeed," was Theo's reply. "Come here, Sabre."

Sabre stalked majestically to her side, and laid his head upon her knee. Theo stroked him softly, raising her eyes quite seriously to Mr. Oglethorpe's face.

"He reminds me of Sir Dugald himself," she said.

Mr. Denis Oglethorpe smiled faintly. He was not very fond of Sir Dugald, and the perfect gravity and *naïveté* with which this pretty, unsophisticated young sultana had made her comment had amounted to a very excellent joke.

"Does he?" he returned, as quietly as possible, and then his glance meeting Theo's, she broke into a little burst of horror-stricken self-reproach.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "I oughtn't to have said that, ought I? I forgot how rude it would sound; but, indeed, I only meant that Sabre was so slow and heavy, and—and so indifferent to people, somehow. I don't think he cares about being liked at all."

She was so abashed at her blunder, that she looked absolutely imploring, and Mr. Denis Oglethorpe smiled again. He felt inclined to make friends with Theodora.

"There is a little girl staying at Lady Throckmorton's," he had said to Priscilla. "A relative of hers. A pretty creature, too, Priscilla, for a bread-and-butter Miss."

But just at this moment, he thought better of the matter. What tender, speechful eyes she had. He was aroused to a recognition of their beauty all at once. What contour there was in the turn of arm and shoulder under the close-fitting purple cloth. He was artistically thank-

ful that there was no other trimming of the straight bodice than the line of buttons that descended from the full white ruff of swansdown at her throat, to her delicate, trim waist. Her unconscious stateliness of girlish form, and the conscious shyness of her manner, were the loveliest inconsistency in the world.

"Oh, I shall not tell Sir Dugald," he said to her, good-humoredly. "Besides, I think the comparison an excellent one. I don't know anything in London so like Sir Dugald as Sir Dugald's dog."

Theodora stroked Sabre apologetically, but could scarcely find courage to speak. She had stood somewhat in awe of Mr. Denis Oglethorpe, even at first, and her discomfort was rapidly increasing. He must think her dreadfully stupid, though he was good-humored enough to make light of her silly speech. Certainly Priscilla never made such a silly speech in her life; but then how could one teach French and Latin, and be anything but ponderously discreet.

Mr. Denis Oglethorpe was not thinking of Priscilla's wisdom, however; he was thinking of Theodora North; he was thinking that he must have been very blind not to have seen before that his friend's niece was a beauty of the first water, young as she was. But he had been tired and fagged out, he remembered, on the first occasion of their meeting—too tired to think of anything but his appointment at Broome street, and Priscilla's Greek grammar. And now, in recognizing what he had before passed by, he was quite glad to find the girl so young and inexperienced—so modest, in a sweet way. It was easy, as well as proper enough, to talk to her unceremoniously, without the trouble of being diffuse and complimentary. So he made himself agreeable, and Theodora listened until she quite forgot Sir Dugald, and only remembered Sabre, because his big, heavy head was on her knee, and she was stroking it.

"And you were never in London before?" he said, at length.

"No, sir," Theo answered. "This is the first time. I was never even out of Downport before."

"Then we must take you to see the lions," he said, "if Lady Throckmorton will let us, Miss Theodora. I wonder if she would let us? If she would, I have a lady friend who knows them all from the grisliest, downward, and I know she would like to help me to exhibit them to you. How should you like that?"

"Better than anything in the world," glowing with delighted surprise. "If it wouldn't be too much trouble," she added, quite apologetically.

Mr. Denis Oglethorpe smiled.

"It would be simply delightful," he said. "I should like it better than anything in the world, too. We will appeal to Lady Throckmorton."

"When Priscilla was in London——" Theodora was beginning a minute later, when the handsome face changed suddenly as her companion turned upon her in evident surprise.

"Priscilla?" he repeated, after her.

"How stupid I am!" she ejaculated distressedly. "I meant to say Pamela. My eldest sister's name is Pamela, and—and——"

"And you said Priscilla by mistake," interposed Oglethorpe, with a sudden accession of gravity. "Priscilla is a little like Pamela."

It needed nothing more than this simple slip of Theodora North's tongue to assure him that Lady Throckmorton had been telling her the story of his engagement to Miss Gower, and, as might be anticipated, he was not as devoutly grateful to her ladyship as he might have been. He was careless to a fault in some things, and punctilious to a fault in others; and he was very punctilious about Priscilla Gower. He was not an ardent lover, but he was a conscientiously honorable one, and, apart from his respect for his betrothed, he was very impatient of interference with his affairs; and my lady was not chary of interfering when the fancy seized her. It roused his pride to think how liberally he must have been discussed, and, consequently, when Lady Throckmorton joined them, he was not in the most amiable of moods. But he managed to end his conversation with Theo unconstrainedly enough. He even gained her ladyship's consent to their plan. It was curiously plain how they both appeared to agree in thinking her a child, and treating her as one. Not that Theo cared about that. She had been so used to Pamela, that she would have felt half afraid of being treated with any greater ceremony; but still she could clearly understand that Mr. Oglethorpe did not speak to her as he would have spoken to Miss Gower. But free from any touch of light gallantry as his manner toward the girl was, Denis Oglethorpe did not forget her this night. On the contrary, he remembered her very distinctly, and had in his mind a very exact mental representation of her purple-robe, soft white ruff, and all, as he buttoned up his paletot over his chest in walking homeward. But he thought of her carelessly and honestly enough, as a beautiful young creature years behind him in experience, and utterly beyond him in all possibility of any sentimental fancy.

The friendship existing between Lady Throckmorton and this young man was a queer, incon-

sistent sentiment enough, and yet was a friendship, and a mature one. The two had encountered each other some years ago, when Denis had been by no means in his palmiest days. In fact, my lady had picked him up when he stood in sore need of friends, and Oglethorpe never forgot a favor. He never forgot to be grateful to Lady Throckmorton; and so, despite the wide difference between their respective ages and positions, their mutual liking had ripened into a familiarity of relationship which made them more like elder sister and younger brother than anything else. Oglethorpe, junior, was pretty much what Oglethorpe, senior, had been, and, notwithstanding her practical views, Lady Throckmorton liked him none the worse for it. She petted and patronized him, questioned and advised him, and if he did not please her, rated him roundly without the slightest compunction. In fact, she was a woman of caprices even at sixty-five, and Denis Oglethorpe was one of her caprices.

And, in like manner, Theodora North became another of them. Finding her tractable, she became quite fond of her, in her own way, and was at least generous to lavishness in her treatment of her.

"You are very handsome, indeed, Theodora," she said to her a few days after her arrival. "Of course, you know that—ten times handsomer than ever poor Pamela could have been. Your figure is perfect, and you have eyes like a Syrian, instead of a commonplace English woman. I am going to give you a rose-pink satin-dress. Rose-pink is just your shade, and some day when we go out together, I will lend you some of my diamonds."

After this whimsical manner she lavished presents upon her whenever she had a new fancy. In truth, her generosity was constitutional, and she had been generous enough toward Pamela, but she had never been so extravagant as she was with Theodora. Theodora was an actual beauty, of an uncommon type, in the face of her ignorance of manners and customs. Pamela had never, at her best, been more than a delicately pretty girl.

In the meantime, Denis Oglethorpe made friendly calls as usual, and always meeting Theodora, found her very pleasant to talk to and look at. He found out her enthusiastic admiration for the poetic effusions of his youth, and in consideration thereof, good-humoredly presented her with a copy of the volume, with some very witty verses written on the fly-leaf in a flourishing hand. It was worth while to amuse Theodora, she was so pretty and unassuming in her delight at his carelessly-amiable efforts for her entertainment. She was only a mere child after all, at sixteen, with Downport in the back ground; so he felt quite honestly at ease in being attentive to her girlish requirements. Better that he should amuse her than that she should be left to the mercy of men who would perhaps have the execrable taste to spoil her pretty childish ways with flattery.

"Don't let all these fine people and fine speeches turn your head, Theodora," he would say, in a tone that might either have been jest or earnest. "They spoiled me in my infancy, and my unfortunate experience causes me to warn you."

But whether he jested or not, Theo was always inclined to listen to him with some degree of serious belief. She took his advice when it was proffered, and regarded his wisdom as the wisdom of an oracle. Who should know better than he what was right. His indifference to the rule of opinion could only be the result of conscious perfection, and his careless satires were to her the most brilliant of witticisms. He paid her his first compliment the night the rose-colored satin-dress came home.

They were going to see Faust together with Lady Throckmorton, and she had finished dressing early, and came down to the drawing-room, and there Denis found her when he came upstairs—the thick, lustrous folds of satin billowing upon the carpet around her feet, something white, and soft, and heavy wrapped about her.

He was conscious of a faint shock of delight on first beholding her. He had just left Priscilla, pale and heavy-eyed, in dun-colored merino, poring over a Greek dictionary, and the sudden entering the bright room, and finding himself facing Theodora North in rose-colored satin, was a little like electricity.

"Oh! it's Theodora, is it?" he said, slowly, when he recovered himself. "Thank you, Theodora."

"What for?" asked Theo, blushing.

"For the rose-colored satin," he returned, complacently. "It is so very becoming. You look like a Sultana, my dear Theodora."

Theo looked up at him for a second, and then looked down. Much as she admired Mr. Denis Oglethorpe, she never quite comprehended him. He had such an eccentric fashion of being almost curt sometimes. She had seen him actually give a faint start when he entered, and she had not understood that, and now he had paid her a compliment, but with so much of something puzzling hidden in his quiet-sounding voice, that

she did not understand that either—and he saw she did not.

"I have been making a fine speech to Theodora," he said to Lady Throckmorton, when she came in. "And she does not comprehend it in the least."

It was somewhat singular, Theo thought, that he should be so silent after this, for he was silent. He even seemed absent-minded, for some reason or other. He did not talk to her as much as usual, and she was quite sure he paid very little attention to Faust.

But during the final act she found that he was not looking at the stage at all; but was sitting in the shadow of the box-curtain watching herself. She had been deeply interested in Marguerite a minute before, and, in her heart-touched pleasure had leant upon the edge of the box, her whole face thrilled with excitement. But the steadfast gaze magnetized her, and drew her eyes round to the shadowy corner where Denis sat; and she positively turned with just such a start as he himself had given when Theodora North, in rose-colored satin, burst upon him, in such vivid, glowing contrast to Priscilla Gower, in dun merino.

"Oh!" she said, and though the little exclamation was scarcely more than an indrawn breath, Denis heard it, and came out of his corner to take a seat at her side, and lean over the box-edge also.

"What is it, Theodora?" he asked, in a low, clear voice. "Is it Marguerite?"

She looked at him in a little fright at herself. She did not know why she had exclaimed—she scarcely knew how; but when she met his unembarrassed eyes, she began to think that possibly it might be Marguerite. Indeed, a second later, she was quite sure it had been Marguerite.

"Yes—I think so," she faltered. "Poor Marguerite! If she could only have saved him?"

"How?" he asked.

"I don't—at least I scarcely know; but I think the author ought to have made her save him, someway. If—if she could have suffered something, or sacrificed something——"

"Would she have done it if she could?" commented Denis, languidly. He had quite recovered himself by this time.

"I would have done it if I had been Marguerite," Theo half whispered.

In his surprise he forgot his self-possession. He turned upon her suddenly, and meeting her sweet, world-ignorant eyes, felt the faint, pained shock once more, and strangely enough his first thought was a disconnected one of Priscilla Gower.

"You?" he said, the next moment. "Yes, I believe you would, Theodora."

He was sure she would, after that swift glance of his, and—— Well, what a happy man he would be for whom this tender young Marguerite would suffer or be sacrificed. The idea had really never occurred to him before that Theodora North was nearly a woman; but it occurred to him now with all the greater force, because he had been so oblivious to the fact before.

He sat by her side until the curtain fell; but his silent mood seemed to have come upon him again. He was very much interested in Marguerite after this, Theo thought; but it is very much to be doubted whether he could have given a clear account of what was passing before his eyes upon the stage. He did not even go into the house with them when they returned; but as he stood upon the door-step, touching his hat in a final adieu, he was keenly alive to a consciousness of Theodore North at the head of the stair-case with billows of glistening rose-pink satin lying on the rich carpet about her feet, as she half turned toward him to bid him good-night.

Bright as the future was, it left a sense of discomfort he could not explain why. He dismissed the carriage, and walked down the street, feeling fairly depressed in spirits.

He had, perhaps, never given the girl a thought before, unless when chance had thrown them together, and even then his thoughts had been common admiring ones. She had pleased him, and he had tried to amuse her in a careless, well-meant fashion, though he had never made fine speeches to her, as nine men out of ten would have done. He had been so used to Priscilla, that it never occurred to him that a girl so young as this one could be a woman. And, after all, his blindness had not been the result of any frivolous lack of thought. A sharp experience had made him as thoroughly a man of the world as a man may be; but it had not made him callous or indifferent to the beauties of life. No one would ever have called him emotional, or prone to enthusiasms of a weak kind, and yet he was by no means hard of heart. He had quiet fancies of his own about people and things, and many of these reticent, rarely-expressed ideas were reverent, chivalrous ones of women. The opposing force of a whole world could never have shaken his faith in Priscilla Gower, or touched his respect for her; but though, perhaps, he had never understood it so, he had never felt very enthusiastically concerning her. Truly, Priscilla Gower and enthusiasm were not in accordance with each other. Chance had thrown

them together when both were very young, and propinquity did the rest. Propinquity is the strongest of agents in a love affair, and in Denis Oglethorpe's love affair, propinquity had accomplished what nothing else would have been likely to have done. The desperate young scribbler of twenty years had been the lodger of the elder Miss Gower, and Priscilla, aged seventeen, had brought in his frugal dinners to him, and receipted his modest bills on their weekly payment.

Priscilla at seventeen, silent, practical, grave and handsome, had, perhaps, softened unconsciously at the sight of his often pale face—he worked so hard, and so far into the night; when at length they became friends, Priscilla gravely, and without any hesitation, volunteered to help him. She could copy well and clearly, and he could come into her aunt's room—it would save fires. So she helped him calmly and decorously, bending her almost austerely-handsome young head over his papers for hours on the long winter nights. It is easy to guess how the matter terminated. If ever he won success he determined to give it to Priscilla—and so he told her. He had never wavered in his faith for a second since, though he had encountered many beautiful and womanly women. He had worked steadily for her sake, and shielded her from every care that it lay within his power to lighten. He was not old Miss Elizabeth Gower's lodger now—he was her niece's husband in prospective. He was to marry Priscilla Gower in eight months. This was why Theodora North, in glistening rose-pink satin, sent him home confronting a suddenly-raised spirit of pain. Twice, in one night, he had found himself feeling toward Theodore North as he had never felt toward Priscilla Gower in his life. Twice, in one night, he had turned his eyes upon this girl of sixteen, and suffered a sudden shock of enthusiasm, or something like it. He was startled and discomfited. She had no right to win such admiration from him—he had no right to give it.

But as his walk in the night-air cooled him, it cooled his ardor of self-examination somewhat. His discontent was modified by the time he reached his own door, and took his latch key out of his pocket. The face that had looked down upon him beneath the light at the head of the stair-case, had faded into less striking color—it was only a girl's face again. He was on better terms with himself, and his weakness seemed less formidable.

"I will keep my promise to-morrow," he said, "and Priscilla shall go with us. Poor Priscilla! —poor girl! Rose-pink satin would scarcely be in good taste in Broome street."

The promise he had made was nothing more than a ratification of the old one. They were to see the lions together, and Priscilla was to guide them.

And when the morrow came, he found it, after all, safe enough, and an easy enough matter, to tuck Theodora's small, gloved hand under his arm, when they set out on their tour of investigation and discovery. The girl was pretty enough, too, in her soft, black merino—her "best" dress in Downport—but she was not dazzling. The little round, black-plumed hat was becoming also; but in his now more prosaic mood, he could stand that, too, pretty as it was in an innocent, unconsciously-coquettish way. Theo was never coquettish herself in the slightest degree. She was not world-wise enough for that yet. But she was quite exhilarating to-day: so glad to be out even in the London fog of November; so glad to be taken lion-hunting; so delighted with the shops and their gay windows; so ready to let her young tongue run on in a gay stream of chatter, altogether so bright, and pretty, and joyous, that her escort was fain to be delighted too.

"Guess where we are going to first?" said he. (He had not before openly spoken of Priscilla to her.)

She glanced up into his face, brightly. She remembered what he had told her about his lady friend.

"I don't exactly know the name of the place," she said; "but I think I know the name of the person we are going to see."

"Do you?" was his reply. "Then say it to me—let me hear it."

"Miss Gower," she answered, softly, in a pretty reverence for him. "Miss Priscilla Gower."

He nodded, slightly, with a curious mixture of expressions in his face.

"Yes," he said. "Miss Gower, or rather Miss Priscilla Gower, as you say. Number twenty-three, Broome street; and Broome street is not a fashionable locality, my dear Theodora."

"Isn't it?" queried Theo. "Why not?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Ask Lady Throckmorton," he said. "But do you know who Miss Priscilla Gower is, Theodora?"

Her bright eyes crept up to his, half-timidly; but she said nothing, so he continued.

"Miss Priscilla Gower is the young lady to whom I am to be married next July. Did you know that?"

"Yes," answered Theo, looking actually pleased, and blushing beautifully as he looked

down at her. "But I am very much obliged to you for telling me, Mr. Oglethorpe."

"Why?" he asked. It was very preposterous, that even though his mood was so prosaic and paternal a one, he was absurdly, vacantly sensible of feeling some uneasiness at the brightness of her upturned face. For pity's sake, why was it that he was impelled to such a puerile weakness—such a vanity, as he sternly called it,

"Because," returned Theo, "it makes me feel as if—— I mean it makes me happy to think you trust me enough to tell me about what has made you happy. I hope—oh! I do hope Miss Priscilla Gower will like me."

He had been looking straight before him while she spoke, but this brought his eyes to hers again, and to her face—bright, appealing, upturned—and he found himself absolutely obliged to steady himself with a jesting speech.

"My dearest Theodora," he said. "Miss Priscilla Gower could not possibly help it."

Comforting as this assurance was to her, it must be confessed she found herself somewhat overawed on reaching Broome street, and being taken into the tiny, dwarfed-looking parlor of number twenty-three; Miss Elizabeth Gower herself was there, in her company-cap, and long-cherished company-dress of snuff-colored satin. There were not many shades of difference in either her snuff-colored gown, or her snuff-colored skin, or her neat, snuff-colored false-front, Theo fancied, but she was not at all afraid of her. She was a trifle afraid of Miss Priscilla. Miss Priscilla was sitting at the table reading when they entered, and as she rose to greet them, holding her book in one hand, the thought entered Theo's mind that she could comprehend dimly why Lady Throckmorton disliked her, and thought her unsuited to Denis Oglethorpe. There was an absence of anything girl-like in her fine, ivory-pale face, somehow, though it was a young face and a handsome face, at whose fine lines and clear contour even a connoisseur could not have cavilled. Its long almond-shaped, agate-gray eyes, black-fringed and lustrous as they were, still were silent eyes—they did not speak even to Denis Oglethorpe.

"I am glad you have come," she said, simply, extending her hand in acknowledgment of Denis's introduction. The quietness of this greeting speech was a fair sample of all her manner. It would have been sheerly impossible to expect anything like effusiveness from Priscilla Gower. The most sanguine and empty-headed of mortals would never have looked for it in her. She was constitutionally unenthusiastic, if such a thing may be.

But she was gravely curious in this case concerning Theodora North. The fact that Denis had spoken of her admiringly was sufficient to arouse in her mind an interest in this young creature, who was at once, and so inconsistently, beautiful, timid, and regal, without consciousness.

"Three years more will make her something wonderful, as far as beauty is concerned," he had said; and, accordingly, she had felt some slight pleasure in the anticipation of seeing her.

Yet Theo had some faint misgivings during the day as to whether Miss Priscilla Gower would like her or not. She was at first even inclined to fear that she would not, being so very handsome, and grave, and womanly. But, toward the end of their journeying together, she felt more hopeful. Reticent as she was, Priscilla Gower was a very charming young person. She talked well, and with much clear, calm sense; she laughed musically when she laughed at all, and could make very telling, caustic speeches when occasion required; but, still it was singular what a wide difference the difference of six years made in the two girls. As Lady Throckmorton had said, it was not a matter of age. At twenty-two Theodora North would overflow with youth as joyously as she did now at seventeen; at seventeen Priscilla Gower had assisted her maiden aunt's lodger to copy his manuscript with as mature a gravity as she would have displayed to-day.

"I hope," said Theodora, when, after their sight-seeing was over, she stood on the pavement before the door in Broome street, her nice little hand on Denis Oglethorpe's arm, "I hope you will let me come to see you again, Miss Gower."

Priscilla, standing upon the door-step, smiled down on her blooming girl's face, a smile that was a little like moonlight. All Priscilla's smiles were like moonlight. Theo's had a delicious glow of the sun.

"Yes," she said, in her practical manner. "It will please me very much to see you, Miss Theodora. Come as often as you can spare the time."

She watched the two as they walked down the street together, Theo's black feather glossy in the gas-light, as it drooped its long end against Oglethorpe's coat, and, as she watched them, she noticed even this trifle of the feather, and the trifling fact, that though Theo was almost regal in girlish height, she was not much taller than her companion's shoulder. It was strange, she thought afterward, that she should have done so; but even while thinking it strange in the afterward that came to her, she remembered

it all as distinctly as ever, and knew that to the last day of her life she would never quite forget the quiet of the narrow, dreary street, the yellow light of the gas-lamps, and the two figures walking away into the shadow, with their backs toward her, the girl holding Denis Oglethorpe's arm, and the glossy feather in her black hat drooping its tip upon his shoulder.

CHAPTER IV.

Upstairs, in a sacred corner of the chamber Lady Throckmorton had apportioned to her, Theodora North kept her diary. Not a solid, long-winded diary, full of creditable reflections upon the day's events, but, on the contrary, a harmless little book enough—a pretty little book, bound in pink and gold, and much ornamented about the corners, and greatly embellished with filagree clasps. Lady Throckmorton had given it to her because she admired it, and, in a very natural enthusiasm, she had made a diary of it. And here are the entries first recorded in its gilt-edged pages,

December 7.—Mr. Oglethorpe was so kind as to remember his promise about showing me the lions. Enjoyed myself very much. Miss Priscilla Gower went with us. She is very dignified, or something; but I think I like her. I am sure I like her, so I will go to see her again. I wonder how it is she reminds me of Pamela without being like Pamela at all. Poor Pam was always so sharp in her ways, and I do not think Miss Gower ever could speak sharply at all. And yet she reminds me of Pam.

December 14.—Went to the theatre again with Lady Throckmorton and Mr. Oglethorpe. I wonder if the rose-pink satin is not becoming to me? I thought it was; but before I went up stairs to dress, Mr. Oglethorpe said to me, "Don't put on the rose-pink satin, Theodora." I am sorry that he does not think it is pretty. Wore a thin, white-muslin dress, and dear, dearest old Pamela's beautiful sapphires. The muslin had a long train.

December 18.—Mr. Oglethorpe came to-night with a kind message from Miss Gower.

From these innocent extracts, persons of an unlimited experience might draw serious conclusions; but when she made said entries, kneeling before her toilet-table, each night, our dear Theodora thought nothing about them at all. She had nothing else in particular to write about at present, so, in default of finding a better subject, she jotted down guileless remembrances of Denis Oglethorpe and the length of her trains.

But one memorable evening, on going into the sitting-room, with the pink and gold volume in her hand, she encountered Sir Dugald, who seemed to be in an extraordinary frame of mind, and, withal, nothing loth to meet her.

"What pretty book have you there, Theodora?" he asked, in his usual amiably uncivilized manner.

"It is my diary," Theo answered. "Lady Throckmorton gave it to me. I put things down in it."

"Oh, oh!" was the reply, taking hold of both Sabre's ears, and chuckling. "Put things down, do you? What sort of things do you put down, eh, pretty Theodora? Lovers, eh? Literary men, eh?"

Theo grew pink all over—pink as to cheeks, pink as to slim white throat, even pink as to small ears. She was almost frightened, and her fright was of a kind such as she had never experienced before. But it was not Sir Dugald she was afraid of—she was used to him. It was something new of which she had never thought until this very instant.

"Literary men, eh?" Sir Dugald went on. "Do you put down what their names are, and what they do, and how they make mistakes, and take the wrong young lady to see Norma, and Faust, and Il Trovatore? Il Trovatore's a nice opera; Theo and Leonora sounds something like Theodora. It doesn't sound anything like Priscilla, does it? The devil fly away with Priscilla, I say. Priscilla isn't musical, is it, Leonora?"

Once having freed herself from him, which was by no means an easy matter, Theo flew up stairs tremulous, breathless, flushed. She did not stop to think. She had seen the drawing-room empty and unlighted, save by a dull fire, on her way downstairs, so she turned to the drawing-room. She had been conscious of nothing but Sir Dugald, so she had not heard the hall-door open; and not having heard the hall-door open, had, of course, not heard Denis Oglethorpe come in. So, in running into the fire-lit room, she broke in upon that gentleman, who was standing in the shadow, and it must be confessed was rather startled by her sudden entrance and curiously-excited face.

He stopped her short, however, collectedly enough.

"What is the matter, Theodora?" he demanded.

She slipped down upon a foot-stool, all in a flutter, when she saw him, she was so shaken; and then, in her sudden abasement and breathless tremor, gave vent to a piteous little, half-sob, though she was terribly ashamed of it.

"I—I don't know," she answered him. "It's—it's nothing at all." But he knew better than that, and, guessing very shrewdly that he was not wholly unconnected with the matter himself, questioned her as closely as was consistent with delicacy, and, in the end, after some diplomacy, and a few more of the surprised, piteous, little unwilling half-sobs, gleaned a great deal of the truth from her.

"It was only—only something Sir Dugald said about you and Miss Gower, and—and something about me," she added, desperately.

"Oh!" he said, looking so composed about it that the very sight of his composure calmed her, and made her begin to think she had seen a mountain in a mole-hill. "Sir Dugald? Only Sir Dugald. What did he say, may I ask, as it—it is about myself and Miss Gower?"

Of course he might ask, but the difficulty lay in gaining any definite answer. Theodora blushed, and then actually turned a little pale, looking wondrously abased in her uncalled-for confusion; but she was not at all coherent in her explanations, which were really not meant for explanations at all.

"Il Trovatore was so beautiful!" she burst out, finally; "and so was Faust; and I had never been to the opera in all my life before, and, of course——" blushing and palpitating, but still looking at him without a shade of falsehood in her innocent, straightforward eyes; "of course, I couldn't. How could I be so silly, and vain, and presuming, as to think of—of—of——"

She stopped here, as might be expected, and, if the room had been light enough, she might have seen a shadow fall on Oglethorpe's face, as he prompted her.

"Of what?"

Her eyes fell.

"Of what Sir Dugald said," she ended, in a troubled half whisper.

There was a slight pause, in which both pairs of eyes looked down—Theodora's upon the rug of tiger-skin at her feet, Oglethorpe's at Theodora herself. They were treading upon dangerous ground, he knew, and yet, in the midst of his fierce anger at his weakness, he was conscious of a regret—a contemptible regret, he told himself—that the eyes she had raised to his own a moment ago, had been so very clear and guilelessly honest in their accordance with the declaration her lips had made.

"But my dear Theodora," he at length broke the silence, by saying, carelessly, "why should we trouble ourselves about that elderly Goth, or Vandal, if you choose—Sir Dugald. Who does trouble themselves about Sir Dugald, and his amiably ponderous jocoseness? Not Lady Throckmorton, I am sure; not society in general, you must know; consequently, let us treat Sir Dugald with silent contempt, in a glorious consciousness of our own spotless innocence."

He was half uneasy under his satirical indifference; though he was so accustomed to conceal his thoughts under indifference and satire, he was scarcely sure enough of himself at this minute; but, despite this, he carried out the assumed mood pretty well.

"We have no need to be afraid of Sir Dugald's Vandalism, if we have no fear of ourselves, and, considering, as you so very justly observed, that it is quite impossible for us to be silly, and vain, and presuming toward each other. I think we must be quite safe. I believe you said it would be impossible, Theodora?"

Just one breath's space, and Theodora North looked up at him, as it were through the influence of an electric flash of recognition. There was a wild, sweet, troubled color on her cheeks, and her lips were trembling; her whole face seemed to tremble; her very eyes had a varying, tremulous glow.

"Quite impossible, wasn't it, Theodora?" he repeated, and though he had meant it for nothing more than a careless, daring speech, his voice changed in defiance of him, and altered, or seemed to alter, both words and their meaning. What, in the name of madness, he would have been rash enough to say next, in response to the tremor of light and color in the upturned face, it would be hard to say, for here he was stopped, as it were, by Fortune herself.

Fortune came in the form of Lady Throckmorton, fresh from Trollope's last, and in a communicative mood.

"Ah! You are here, Denis, and you, too, Theodora? Why are you sitting in the dark?" And, as she bent over to touch the bell, Theodora rose from her footstool to make way for her—rose with a little sigh, as if she had just been awakened from a dream which was neither happy nor sad.

It was very plainly Lady Throckmorton's business to see, and, seeing, understand the affairs of her inexperienced young relative; but if Lady Throckmorton understood that Theodora North was unconsciously endangering the peace of her girlish heart, Lady Throckmorton was very silent, or very indifferent about the matter. But she was not moulded after the manner of the stern female guardians usually celebrated in love stories. She was not mercenary, and she was by no means authoritative. She had sent for Theo with the intention of extending to her the

worldly assistance she had extended to Pamela, and, beyond that, the matter lay in the girl's own hands. Lady Throckmorton had no high views for her in particular; she wanted to see her enjoy herself as much as possible until the termination of her visit, in whatever manner it terminated, whether matrimonially or otherwise. Besides, she was not so young as she had been in Pamela's time, and, consequently, though she was reasonably fond of her handsome niece, and more than usually generous toward her, she was inclined to let her follow her own devices. For herself, she had her luxurious little retiring-room, with its luxurious fires and lounges; and after these, or rather with these, came an abundance of novels, and the perfect, creamy chocolate her French cook made such a masterpiece of—novels and chocolate standing as elderly and refined dissipations. And not being troubled with any very strict ideas of right or wrong, it would, by no means, have annoyed her ladyship to know that her handsome Theodora had out-generaled her pet grievance, Priscilla Gower. Why should not Priscilla Gower be out-generaled, and why should not Denis marry some one who was as much better suited to him, as Theodora North plainly was?

"Tut! tut!" she said to Sir Dugald. "Why shouldn't they be married to each other? It would be better than Priscilla Gower, if Theodora had nothing but Pam's gray satin for her bridal trousseau."

So Theo was left to herself, and having no confidant but the pink and gold journal, gradually began to trust to its page some very troubled reflections. It had not occurred to her that she could possibly be guilty in admiring Mr. Denis Oglethorpe so much as she did, and in feeling so glad when he came, and so sorry when he went away. She had not thought that it was because he was sitting near her, and talking to her between the acts; that Il Trovatore and Faust had been so thrillingly beautiful and tender. And this was quite true, even though she had not begun to comprehend it as yet.

She had no right to feel anxious about him; and yet, when, after having committed himself in the rash manner chronicled, he did not make his appearance for nearly two weeks, she was troubled in no slight degree. Indeed, though the thought was scarcely defined, she had some unsophisticated misgivings as to whether Miss Priscilla Gower might not have been aroused to a sense of the wrongs done her through the medium of Il Trovatore, and so have laid an interdict upon his visits; but it was only Sir Dugald who had suggested this to her fancy.

But by the end of the two weeks, she grew tired of waiting, and the days were so very long, that at length, not without some slight compunction, she made up her mind to go and pay a guileless visit to Miss Priscilla Gower herself.

"I am going to see Miss Gower, aunt," she ventured to say one morning at the breakfast-table.

Sir Dugald looked up from his huge slice of broiled venison, clumsily jocose after his customary agreeable manner.

"What's that, Leonora?" he said. "Going to see the stern vestal, are you? Priscilla, eh?"

Lady Throckmorton shrugged her shoulders in an indifferent sarcasm. She was often both sarcastic and indifferent in her manner toward Sir Dugald.

"Theo's in-goings and out-goings are scarcely our business, so long as she enjoys herself," she said. "Present my regards to the Miss Gowers, my dear, and say I regret that my health does not permit me to accompany you."

A polite fiction, by the way, as my lady was looking her best. It was only upon state occasions, and solely on Denis' account, that she ever submitted to Broome street, albeit the fat, gray horses, and fat, gray coachman did occasionally recognize the existence of that remote locality.

It so happened that, as they drew up before Miss Gower's modest door, this morning, the modest door in question opened, and Denis Oglethorpe himself came out, and, of course, caught sight of Theodora North, who had just bent forward to pull the check-string, and so gave him a full view of her charming *reante*, un-English face, and, in her pleasure at seeing him, that young lady forgot both herself and Sir Dugald, and exclaimed aloud,

"Oh, Mr. Oglethorpe!" she cried out. "I am so glad——" and then stopped, in a confusion and trepidation absolutely brilliant.

He came to the window, and looked in at her.

"Are you coming to see Priscilla?" he said.

"Lady Throckmorton said I might," she answered, the warmth in her face chilled by his unenthusiastic, though kindly tone. She did not know what a struggle it cost him to face her thus carelessly all at once.

He did not even open the carriage-door himself, but waited for the footman to do it.

"Priscilla will be glad to see you," he said, quietly. "I will go into the house again with you."

The dwarfed sitting-room looked very much as it had looked on Theo's first introduction to it; but on this occasion Miss Elizabeth was not arrayed in the snuff-colored satin; and, when they entered, Priscilla was kneeling down upon

the hearth-rug, straightening out an obstreperous fold in it.

She rose, collectedly, at once, and, as her face turned toward them, Theo was struck with some fancy of its being a shade paler than it had been the last time she had seen it. But her manner was not changed in the least, and she welcomed her visitor with grave cordiality. Poor little snuff-colored Miss Elizabeth was delighted. She was getting very fond of company in her old age, and had taken a great fancy to Theodora North.

"Send the carriage away, and stay with us until evening, Miss Theodora," she fluttered, in wild, old-maidenly excitement. "Do stay, Miss Theodora, and I will show you how to do the octagon-stitch, as I promised the last time you were here. You remember how you admired it in that antimacassar I was making for Priscilla?"

Miss Elizabeth's chief delight and occupation was the making of miraculously-gorgeous mysteries for Priscilla; and Theo's modest eulogies of her last piece of work had won her admiration and regard at once. Consequently, under stress of Miss Elizabeth, the carriage was fain to depart, much to the abasement of the fat, gray coachman, who felt himself much dishonored in finding he was compelled, not only to pay majestic calls to Broome street, but to acknowledge the humiliating fact of friendly visits.

"We must have a fire in the best parlor, my dear," chirped Elizabeth, ecstatically, when Theo's hat and jacket were being carried out of the room. "Don't forget to tell Jane, Priscilla, and——" fumbling in her large side-pocket, "here's the key of the preserve-closet. Quince preserve, my dear, and white currant-jelly."

Theodora was reminded of Downport that day, in a hundred ways. The nice little company-dinner reminded her of it; the solitary little roast fowl, and the preserves, and puddings; but the company-dinners at Downport had always been detracted from by the sharp annoyance in Pam's face, and the general domestic bustle, and the total inadequacy of gravy and stuffing to the wants of the boys. She was particularly reminded of it by the ceremonious repairing to the fire, in the front parlor, where everything was so orderly, and even the family portraits had the appearance of family portraits roused from a deep reverie to be surprised at an intrusion.

"My late lamented parents, my dear," said Miss Elizabeth, rubbing her spectacles, and admiringly regarding an owl-like, elderly gentleman, in an aggressive brown wig, and an equally owl-like lady, in a self-announcing false-front, embarrassingly suggestive of Miss Elizabeth's own. "My late lamented parents, at the respective ages of fifty and fifty-seven. My sister, Anastasia, my only brother, my sister-in-law, his wife, and my dear Priscilla, at seventeen years."

Theo turned from the others to look at this last with a deeper interest; remembered that it was when she was seventeen that Priscilla had first met Denis Oglethorpe. It was a small picture, half life-size, and set in an oval frame of black walnut. Priscilla at seventeen had not been very different from Priscilla at twenty-two. She had a pale, handsome, ungirlish face,—a Minerva face—steady, grave, handsome eyes, and a fine head, unadorned, save with a classic knot of black brown hair. The picture was not even younger-looking than Priscilla was now.

Miss Elizabeth regarded it in affectionate admiration of its beauty.

"My dear," she said to Theodora, "that is the most beautiful face in London, to my old eyes. It reminds me of my dear Anastasia in her youth. I was always glad my brother Benjamin's daughter was not like his wife. We were not fond of my brother Benjamin's wife. She was a very giddy young person, and very fond of gayety. She died of lung-fever, contracted through exposing herself one night at a military ball, in direct opposition to my brother Benjamin's wishes. She insisted upon wearing blue-satin slippers, and a low-necked dress."

"Oh, dear!" said Theodora, secretly conscious of a guilty sympathy for the giddy young person who ran counter to brother Benjamin's wishes, in the matter of military balls and blue-satin slippers.

"Yes, my love!" Miss Elizabeth proceeded. "And for that reason I was always glad to find that Priscilla was not at all like her. Priscilla and I have been very happy together, in our quiet way; she has been the best of dear, good girls to me. Indeed, I really don't know what I shall do when I must lose her, as of course you know I shall be obliged to, when she marries Mr. Denis Oglethorpe!"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Theo, and, as she spoke, she felt a curious startled glow flash over her. This was the first time an actual approach to the subject had been made in her presence.

"Yes, my dear!" said Miss Elizabeth again. "I shall feel the separation very deeply, but it must be, you know. They have waited so long for each other, that I should be a very wicked, selfish old woman to throw any obstacle, even so slight a one as my own discomfort in their way. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, madame," Theo faltered, very unsteadily, indeed.

But Miss Elizabeth did not notice any hesitation in her manner, and went on with her confidential chat, eulogizing Priscilla and her betrothed affectionately. Mr. Denis Oglethorpe would be a rich man some of these days, and then what a happy life must Priscilla's be—so young, so beautiful, so beloved. "Not that wealth brings happiness, my dear Miss Theodora. Riches are very deceitful, you know; but there is a great deal of solid comfort in a genteel sufficiency."

To all of which Theo acquiesced modestly, inwardly wondering if she was very wrong in wishing that Mr. Oglethorpe had not left them quite so early.

The day passed pleasantly enough, however, in a quiet way. Miss Elizabeth was very affectionate and communicative, and told her a great many stories of Anastasia, and the late-lamented Benjamin, as they sat by the fire together, in the evening, and blundered over the octagon-stitch. It was an Afghan Miss Elizabeth was making now; and when, at tea-time, Mr. Oglethorpe came, he found Theodora North sitting on the hearth, flushed with industrious anxiety, and thrown into a reflected glow of brilliant Berlin wools, a beautiful young spider in a gorgeous Afghan web.

"I should like," she was saying, as he entered, "to buy Pamela and the girls some nice little presents. What would you advise me to get, Miss Gower?"

She was very faithful to the shabby household at Downport. Her letters were never careless or behind time, and no one was ever neglected in the multiplicity of messages. She would be the most truthful and faithful of loving women a few years hence, this handsome Theodora. There was some reserve in her manner toward Denis this evening. She attended to Miss Elizabeth's octagon-stitch, and left him to Amuse Priscilla. He had not seemed very much pleased to see her in the morning, and, besides, Priscilla was plainly his business. But, when the carriage was announced, and she returned to the parlor, after an absence of a few minutes, drawing on her gloves, and buttoning her pretty jacket close up to her beautiful, slender, dusky throat, Denis took his hat, and accompanied her to the carriage. He did not wait for the footman this time; but, after assisting her to get in, closed the door himself, and leaned against the open window for a moment.

"I want you to deliver a message to Lady Throckmorton for me," he said. "May I trouble you, Theodora?"

She bent her head with an unpleasantly-quickened heart-beat. It was very foolish, of course, but she felt as if something painful was going to happen, and nothing on earth could prevent it.

"Business has unexpectedly called me away from London—from England," he explained, in a strange, yet quite steady voice. "I am obliged to go to Belgium at once, and my affairs are in such a condition that I may be compelled to remain across the channel for some time. Be good enough to say to Lady Throckmorton that I regret deeply that I could not see her before going; but—but the news has been sudden, and my time is fully occupied; but I will write to her from my first stopping place."

"I will tell her," said Theodora.

"Thank you," he replied, courteously, and then, after a short hesitation, began again, in the tone he used so often—the tone that might be jest or earnest. "And now there is something else, a subject upon which I wish to ask your unbiased opinion, my dear Theodora, before I say good-by. When a man finds himself in a danger with which he cannot combat, and remain human—in danger, where defeat means dishonor, do you not agree with me, that the safest plan that man can adopt is to run away?"

Her quickened heart might almost have been running a life and death race with her leaping pulse, but she answered him almost steadily.

"Yes," she said to him. "You are quite right. He had better go away."

"Thank you," he returned again. "Then you will give me your hand, and wish me God speed; and, perhaps—I say perhaps—you will answer me another question. This morning, when you spoke to me through the carriage-window, you began to say something about being glad. Were you going to say——" He broke off here sharply. "No!" he exclaimed. "I will not ask you."

"I was going to say that I was glad to see you," Theo interrupted, gravely. "I was glad to see you. And now, perhaps, you had better tell the coachman to drive on. I will deliver your message to Lady Throckmorton; and as I shall not see you again, unless I am here in July. Of course you will come back then. Good-by, Mr. Oglethorpe."

She gave him her hand through the carriage-window, and, for a moment, he held it, to all appearance quite calm, as he looked down at the lovely face the flare of an adjacent gas-light revealed to him against a back-ground of shadow.

"Good-by," he said, and then released it. "Drive on," he called to the coachman, and, in a moment more, he stood alone watching the carriage turn the corner. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CECIL VAIL.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

CHAPTER I.

Cecil's mother died when he was a baby, and I was three years older than he. Perhaps that was one reason why my love for him seemed so much stronger than the love of other sisters for their brothers. I remember when he was very small how I used to follow him around, so afraid he would get killed; that was my great fear. There was not a dog in the neighborhood, however well intentioned and correct in deportment, but I looked upon it as the natural enemy of Cecil. Birds' nests on perilous boughs seemed in league against his white supple limbs—green plums and apples appeared created solely for his overthrow. And the ocean (we lived only half a mile inland) seemed a great, restless, roaring monster that, in case of his escaping other perils, was watching out for him, constantly calling out to him forever, with a great hoarse voice, as the waves swashed against the beach, "Come *down* here, and I'll *finish* you! Come *down* here, and I'll *finish* you!" He was my thought, my care, and my delight, from dawn till sunset. And he was such a bright, affectionate little fellow, loving me better than anything else.

We had a step-mother, a large woman, with small black eyes and very red cheeks. And my first recollections of her are her wondering aloud, many times each day, "what would become of us if it wasn't for her." This seemed to be the standing subject of inquiry in her mind. If we had any particular ill-fortune, she would propound the question, as if the misfortune would have been more overwhelming had it not been for her; and on our rare occasions of better fortune she would propound the question triumphantly, as if it were owing to her having an existence that the better state of affairs was brought about. And I recollect that I heard the words so often that I, too, used to think of it a great deal, and wonder, in a childish, quiet way, what would really have "become of us" had it not been for her.

There are two or three remembrances that stand out like pictures against the shadowy background of that far-away time. One is of Cecil's standing by the open window of our sitting-room, looking out on the beauty of the western sky, flaming with the sunset glory of gold and crimson. I can see now just how he looked, and his little white night-gown had slipped off one round white shoulder. I can see just how the bright glow in the sky was reflected in his large, wide open, brown eyes, and how he clasped his hands together in surprise and rapture, as if he had caught sight for the first time of some rare, unknown realm of beauty, and how glad his voice was as he cried, "Oh, mamma! Nora, come here. Come here, and see the prettiness up there"

"You will take your death-cold standing there in the window; go right up stairs to bed. Oh, dear! what *would* become of 'em all if it wasn't for me?"

I was quite young, and couldn't be expected to philosophize, but I remember thinking that I ought to be grateful to think Cecil had some one to keep him from taking his "death-cold;" and still I plainly remember that I had an uncomfortable, sinking feeling, a sort of lonely heartache, that made me creep up stairs and lie down on the side of Cecil's little crib, and take him in my arms, and tell him stories in a low voice; and I can see now, just how large and sorrowful his eyes looked up at me from his little white pillow as I went in, and how they lit up during the wonderful adventures of Alibaba, and how pretty he looked up as he lay asleep at *last* with a smile on his lips; and how many times I kissed him, but softly, that I might not awaken him.

About my father at this time there was a mystery. He would remain for days shut up in his room, and then we dared not, for our lives, go near it. And when we would question our step-mother, "why we mustn't go into his room, and why he shut himself up so?" she would frown upon us darkly, and bid us "ask her no questions." Sometimes, when she was in a softer mood, she would add, "Poor creeturs, what would become of you if it wasn't for me?" which would plunge me, too, in the same long train of inquiry and gloomy reflection.

My very first memory of seeing him (and I must have been very young), I remember thinking how very handsome he was. I know now, that I had been away, staying with an aunt in the city, and I have a faint recollection of papa's taking me into a darkened room, where there was a lady with a white, beautiful face, and eyes like Cecil's, and her kissing me, and weeping over me, and calling me "her pretty darling."

There were some white lilies in a vase near the couch where she was lying, and though I cannot recollect anything else there was in the room, or how I got there, or where I went from there—though now I know that I went home again with my aunt—still, I never see a white lily but I am carried back into the dream again of the pale lady—and papa's handsome face as he led me in.

Another dream stands out vividly against the misty obscurity of that last time. It must have been the night before I returned home to stay. I awoke upon a sofa in my aunt's room, and she was talking about me.

"Poor little Nora!" she was saying, "how sorry I am to leave her, but India is no place for a child."

"No, and with your health, too, the child will be better off at home."

"But such a home," the plaintive voice went on. "How could he ever choose such a woman for his housekeeper, to take the place of our poor lost Lenore. It is a mystery I can never understand."

"No one ought to understand it," said my uncle, in wrathful accents. "But one thing is certain, Harold is sinking lower and lower into ruin every day."

"I know it. My poor brother!" and here my aunt began to weep, while my uncle, with many loving words, tried to comfort her. As for me, I lay silently brooding over the thoughts these remarks awakened. I knew they were speaking of my father, for his name was Harold. What was this dreadful place, called "ruin," into which he was sinking—so terrible a place that my aunt wept to think of his entering it? Life again seems a misty dream, and I find myself at home, loving my pretty brother better than anything else, and still haunted by a vague horror and curiosity concerning the ruin connected with my father's name. With my first clear and distinct recollections of my father comes the knowledge that he disliked and avoided me. At first, only the dreamy knowledge of the fact was apparent to my childish apprehension—and it was not till long after I became aware what the word "ruin" meant in connection with him, that the reason of his dislike and avoidance became apparent to me. And I thought that I was to him a visible conscience, and the eyes of my own mother, whom I greatly resembled, looking through mine, reproached him, and agonized him with the memory of what he was once, what he might have been, and the wreck he had become.

But it ended. There was a body found in the snow—a night of horror unspeakable—a day of confusion, with a mystery lying in the darkened parlor—a funeral—a grave, into which the falling snow sifted, covering it softly with its pure whiteness. And looking back into that grave now, my only comfort is, that God's mercy is whiter than the snow.

There was enough saved to us out of the wreck of what had been a handsome fortune to provide us food and clothing, and a home—such as it was; but we were the children of a drunkard—the village children; never let us forget that. And one of the bitterest memories of my childhood is seeing Cecil's sensitive lips quiver at their taunting words. I could endure, myself, any amount of reproach and upbraiding, but Cecil—I can't remember the time that I did not hold his well-being and happiness dearer than my own, as why should I not? for he loved me, and he was all in the world I had to love, and I had a loving heart. Many, many faults it had, but it was a loving heart I know. And it seemed as if my affections, blown away from every other support to which they had tried to cling, all, all twined about Cecil, my brother—my darling.

On my tenth birthday, an old lady, my step-mother's mother, came to live with us. I remember it was my birthday, for Cecil asked my step-mother in the morning "if shewasn't going to bake Nora a birthday cake, as Kitty Succo's mother did?" and how well I recollect her reply, that she "guessed Nora would find out that birthdays would come often enough without taking 'em along with sweet cake." And how well I remember what a horror of birthdays fell upon me then. Mrs. Dagget, the old lady, came while we were talking about this. She was a queer-looking little old lady, with a yellow, wrinkled face, and a broad white border standing out around it. Her first words to us were, "I suppose you make your mother an awful sight of work, don't they Melissa?"

Melissa replied, with a great deal of feeling and earnestness, "that we did." And then Mrs. Dagget remarked, with a groan, "that she supposed she should be another trouble to her—but she shouldn't be long, for she shouldn't stand it but a few days, feelin' as she did then, so run down, and gone at the stummuck."

And then, noting Cecil's red cheeks, she asked if they "wasn't caused by worms; she had lost a child jest about his age with worms, and he was buried up in the cold ground;" which made me shudder, and cling to Cecil's hand more closely. And then, regarding my rather shabby gown, she asked her daughter "if she supposed one of her old ones could be fixed over for me? But Melissa could do jest as she was a mind to

with 'em, they would all fall to her before long, if there kept on such a gonneness at her stummuck."

This was our first introduction to the old lady; and I do not think that in after days she ever contributed any more to our cheerfulness and happiness than at that first interview. Although, sometimes, with the good feeling that had actuated her in bequeathing her gown to me, she would call Cecil and me to her side on the Sabbath, and read the Bible to us. But she would always select the chapters in which Israel was doomed, or Job bewailed, or the prophets lamented; and this, together with the fact that she was obliged to stop and spell nearly all of the larger words, detracted much from our enjoyment.

It seemed as if the harder the words were, and the more difficult for her to manage, the more she delighted in them. There was one chapter which she oftenest selected; it was concerning the Israelites journeying through Aroar, which she always called A Roarer, and their encounter with the Horims, which, after spelling many times, she persisted in calling Horners; and I distinctly remember thinking they were strange monsters, half men and half beasts, with horns growing out of their foreheads; Cecil and I differing in our views as we talked it over afterward, he, full of a boy's martial instincts, thinking the Horners were connected with a brass band. But this chapter always gave her special delight, although there was not a name in it which was not too much for her, and which did not cause her scholarly overthrow.

At the foot of the old lady's bed stood a hair trunk, so worn that it looked like a very old dog that had been scalded, but still remained faithful to its mistress, guarding the foot of her bed. And sometimes, when we had specially pleased her, she would go to this trunk and take out a musty, leather-bound copy of Fox's Book of Martyrs, and show us the pictures. On such nights I would always have to go and lie down by Cecil till he went to sleep. Many odd questions would he ask me concerning the martyrs, whom, as sleepiness overcame him, he would confound with the dwellers in the wilderness, and in the odd vagaries of dreams he would call out "that a Horner was after him with a red-hot gridiron."

It was not till many years after that I learned what the Bible, which to Cecil and me was full of terror and weariness, might be to children. I heard a mother reading to her happy little flock about the child Samuel, the infant Jesus in his mother's human, loving arms, and the divine Saviour, who loved and blest little children. And as their eyes brightened and grew reverent, as she read, though it was so long past and gone, tears sprang to my eyes under a vague sense of loss, and of wrong that had been done to my youth.

If any remembrance of my childhood comes to me pleasantly, if I look back upon that time, which should be full of joyful memories, with one emotion of tenderness and delight, that remembrance is of Cecil. All the joy of our gloomy home he brought into it. Mother softened her rather harsh tones to him, and in his sunshiny presence the groans of Mrs. Dagget seemed to be less profound, and to partake more of the pensive nature of sighs.

So life ran along till Cecil was seventeen and I was twenty, and loving him as I did, I don't know whether I was most glad or sorry when news came from our rich uncle in Randolph, offering him a place in his counting-room. This uncle was still quite young, unmarried, and very wealthy; and Cecil was delighted to go, for he thought that he was now on the way to independence—to the home I was to share—for in all his hopeful, living plans for the future I was included. Whatever regret I felt was all smothered in my own breast, for I, too, thought that it was an opening into the grand future I had always pictured for my darling. So he went, hopeful and happy—and how did I know he had gone into temptation.

Cecil left us in the autumn, and it seemed, that long, long winter, that I should have died, had it not been for his long, bright, loving letters, which I got two or three times a week. Mrs. Dagget used to groan over the frequency of the letters, and the expense it involved; and mother, a little jealous, I am afraid, of the affection he showed so plainly for me, (although he never forgot to send her some kind message,) would darkly prophesy "that she might slave herself to death for some folks, and that was all the thanks she would get."

And Mrs. Dagget would add, with a groan, "she shouldn't be there to see it go on long." What the "it" was to which she referred she never told, but constantly did she call our attention to the fact that "it was goin' on," and, in a reproachful demeanor toward me, she intimated that I was responsible for "its goin' on." There were days when her very clothing seemed to upbraid me, her cap-strings floated mournfully, her apron-strings hung down reproachfully and rebukingly, and seemed mutely to ask me, more in a spirit of sorrow than anger, "are you not the cause of its goin' on?"

But this was in her better-natured moods. There were times when her cap-border reviled me, her apron-strings menaced me. In these times her doom was prophesied, not as a drooping oracle, but as an avenger. "Then should we see what she had went through, with her goneness at the stummuck, when she was a layin' in the cold, cold ground. Mebby we should have a realizin' sense of what we had lost—mebby we should have reflections."

I think, now, that it was a hereditary trait in the Dagget family to foretell their approaching dissolution, although mother's doom was always foretold as being caused by labor for us. Our work was light, and I was more than willing to do my share of it; but I am certain that very few days passed, and no washing or baking-day, without her prophesying that "she should kill herself, just as sure as she was alive then, a workin' for us that day." And then she would often add, with an upbraiding glance at me, as if I were the main cause of her doom, that "then she should be out of the way, and she s'posed I would be glad of it, much as she had always done for me."

I would assure her often, with tears in my eyes, that she did me injustice, that I knew very well how much she had done for us, and that I was willing, and wanted to help her all I could, if she would only let me, and I would beg of her not to speak so. Sometimes my distressful tone would seem to touch her, for she would say, in a softer and more melancholy manner, "she guessed it would be better if she was out of the way, and mother, too." And Mrs. Dagget never failed to add the melancholy prediction that "she shouldn't be there long, to see it go on, for her stummuck felt goner and goner every day."

I suppose it was because I was foolishly sensitive that I felt all this so deeply, and it made me so unhappy. But one cannot change their temperament, and I don't really know how I could help it—that while a smile or a pleasant word would make me happy for a day, a frown or a reproachful word would cut to my heart like a knife. It is with an odd feeling of pity for myself that I look back, and remember how miserable and lonely their words would make me through the long, long days. How my heart would sink down so low that it seemed as if it would never be lighter again, yet it always was when I got a letter from Cecil.

As I said, it seemed as if I lived upon his letters; but with the coming of spring an ambition awoke within me. I had been thinking, ever since Cecil went away, how delightful it would be if I could earn something to give him when he went into business for himself. What a help a few hundred dollars would be! I pondered many impossible plans, and finally I thought of teaching school; and I applied, by letter, for a school about thirty miles away. A lady who was visiting one of our neighbors happened to mention, in my presence, that the school teacher at Marly, who had taught there for years, had died, and no one had been found to fill her place. To one of my timid nature, the idea of going out into the great world alone was full of terror. But it was for Cecil, and that made it endurable. There is no task-master like love, and there is no such willing slavery. I was not needed at home, and I would at least make the effort. I thought I would say nothing to any one about it until I was certain I could have the school. One cold rainy evening in April my fate came to me.

I well recollect what a cold, drizzling rain was falling outside, and how a colder and more depressing atmosphere seemed to enwrap us indoors, as we sat at the tea-table. I could not eat much, for it seemed as if I had never been so homesick for Cecil as I had been all day; and at the table, his empty place, opposite, intensified this feeling; so it was with difficulty that I kept back my tears.

There was not much conversation at the table. Only Mrs. Dagget, who had been watching the dismal fall of the rain against the windows, more dismal in the growing gray of the twilight, remarked that "it would be a bad time for a funeral." And then, after a brief period of silent meditation, she asked her daughter "if she s'posed she could wear her black bombazine dress, if she should let out the biases? But any way, it would full to her before long, with the rest of her clothes; for she couldn't stand that goneness much longer."

Before her daughter could reply to her, a neighbor rapped at the door, and placed a letter in my hands. It contained a favorable answer about the school, and wanted me to come as soon as possible. And now, while a new and untried life was opening before me, I did not expect any sympathy, or encouragement, or co-operation, but I asked my step-mother if she was willing I should go. She replied "that she didn't know as it made much difference to her where I was, I'd probably be back on her hands before many weeks was out."

Mrs. Dagget was lighting her pipe, and just at this moment a small coal fell upon her apron. She raised her eyes reproachfully to my face, and said, "can't you put me out?"

I brushed off the coal at once, leaving no further damage than a very small hole in her gin-

ham apron; but she said to me in a tone of deep rebuke:

"You've no need to have been so afraid of puttin' me out; mebby you would like some of my clothes to wear off to your school teachin'. But you needn't be afraid; they will all fall to you and Melissa before long, without your settin' of me afire, and not puttin' of me out."

So, with what encouragement and inspiration I could glean from this and similar words, I went out into the great world, which seemed so large and cheerful to me.

CHAPTER II.

It will be needless to enter into the details of my life that summer. I obtained board at the trustee's, Mr. Evans, and though my work was rather hard, and entirely new to me, still I was quite content. But there are two evenings of that summer that are set apart in my memory from all others.

On my return from school one afternoon, about the middle of my term, Mrs. Evans invited me to go with her and her husband that evening to Marley, the nearest village, to attend a temperance lecture. I accepted it very willingly. It was early when we arrived at the lecture-room, and I told Mrs. Evans that I would just step into the post-office. And with many admonitions to "come right back," Mr. and Mrs. Evans entered. I certainly intended to go right back, but I found a letter from Cecil, and what was the temperance lecture, what was the whole world to me? As I read the warm words that came so directly from his heart to my own, I read in them only a gay, young spirit, that was finding the great world a delightful place; but I did not read anything that told me that that delightful world was a dangerous one for one of his generous, impulsive temperament. He spoke of his uncle as a "cool old fellow, who thought himself one of the greatest of men, and who meant to enjoy the world while he lived in it, and thought his example was the only living one worth following." I never thought that what, to one of uncle's cool temperament might be indulged in with comparative safety, might be fatal to one like Cecil. I laughed over his letter, and cried over it, for at the last, he wrote,

"I am working—working like a horse, Nora." Of course, I go into society a good deal, for Randolph is a gay place, and uncle insists upon my doing as other young fellows of my age and station, for my being his nephew, is in his eyes, a greater merit than the cross of the legion of honor. And if I refuse to go where he tells me, and do as they do whom I meet, it seems to be a sort of reproach to the life he leads, which, I must confess, is rather a gay one. And so that makes it impossible, dear, for me to do exactly as we talked about. I told uncle what you said. 'Your wanting me to study evenings as much as I could, and about shunning the first approach of temptation, and above all things, to shun wine parties.' You ought to have heard him laugh. Said he, 'I rather think there is no danger in your going where I take you. I declare if such a thing were possible, I should almost think that Nora was reflecting somewhat on my life.' He thinks when he goes West, the East tips up; but he is the coolest and steadiest old fellow going; belongs to the church, and if he should drink a gallon of wine, it would only make him walk straighter, and talk more impressively about 'my position,' and 'my nephew.' Of course, I have got to do as he says, and go where he takes me, although at first I didn't care for such gay doings at all, only he made me go, and now how much rather I would spend a quiet evening with you. I am working like a horse, as I said, and it is all for you, Nora. I am determined to make a position in the world, to work myself up to a fortune and a home for you, my darling sister, a home so bright and happy, that it shall atone for the dreary past."

When I entered the lecture-room, it was crowded. The speaker had the compliment of every seat being full so early. I leaned up against a pillar near the door, and was resigning myself to a rather wearisome evening, in company with nearly a hundred fellow sufferers who were standing about me, occupying nearly every available inch of standing-room, when a good-looking young man, carrying a child, with a woman following closely in his wake, came pushing through the crowd toward the door. As they passed me he looked up into my face, and something in it seemed to awake his generosity and nobler feelings, for he asked me in a hearty, honest voice, that I knew came from a good heart,

"Don't you want a seat?"

I told him I should certainly like one, but it seemed one of the impossibilities.

"Here, Nance, you take the little feller; you shall have our seat. You see, Miss, we was afraid that the baby was agoin' to have one, that is all that made us leave; we hated to, for the lecture is goin' to be a buster. There haint a smarter feller in the country than Dr. Chester, nor a better one. He lives in Randolph, and, you see, he come here to visit his uncle, Judge Huntingdon, and the town invited him to lecture. He is rich as a Jew; he lectures just to do good,

and that is all he doctors for, too; he's no need to lift his finger. Come right along, Miss. Nance, don't be nervious, he won't have it before I get back."

This last sentence was said over his shoulder to his wife, after we started up the aisle. He placed me in an excellent seat, directly beneath the speaker's stand. I thanked him for his courtesy, as I took my seat, to which he leaned down and replied, in a hoarse whisper,

"I'd rather do it than not; such a sweet, pretty face to be a standin' up all night; I couldn't bear to see it. You see we wouldn't have missed it for nothin' in the world, only we was so afraid the little feller would have it right here in meetin'."

How it terminated I never knew, whether the "little feller" had one or not, nor what the mysterious thing was, that was depending over the child's head; I thought, however, it was a fit.

As the kind man lifted his broad, rosy, honest face from before me, another face met my eyes, and as the clear eyes looked full into my own, for a moment, as I lifted them, I thought then, and I think still, that I never saw a better face. It was not its beauty, although it had that, but it was something better than beauty, the Chevalier Bayard expression, "without fear, without reproach." It was an intellectual face in the highest degree, and yet it was a face a child would trust instinctively.

His lecture was something different from any I had ever heard. It was not the squalid, reeling drunkard that the speaker most condemned; it was the moderate drinker, the man, who, with a cooler temperament and more natural self-control, can drink with less peril to himself, and so, by his one example of respectable vice, leads so many of excitable, intense temperaments down to ruin. He said one of these respectable drinkers was a greater curse to a community than a thousand hopeless sots, for they in their degradation were a more terrible warning to youth than the most eloquent sermon could be; and this respectable, moderate drinker, was the most insiduous temptation to the young that Satan could possibly throw in their way.

But toward the close of his lecture, he gave a picture of a drunkard's death, and the heritage he left his innocent children—the legacy of undeserved shame. So held and enchained was I by the eloquence and pathos of the speaker, that I did not realize that tears were flowing down my face, till I met the deep, compassionate eyes bent full and pityingly upon me. Then, in sudden recollection and shame, I bent my head down upon the seat in front of me, and sobbed like the baby that I was. But so many memories came to me—my father's grave, the mockery of the village children, Cecil's distress, our gloomy home.

When I raised my face again, attracted by the strange magnetism of a glance, it was only to meet the earnest, penetrating gaze of the lecturer as he took his seat, for the lecture was finished. The temperance lecture was raved over for weeks. The handsome face, and the eloquence of the speaker was the one topic of interest. Mrs. Evans said, "it beat all" how indifferent I was about it. But Mrs. Evans was mistaken, I was not indifferent; I did not forget it, nor him.

But time, that waits for no one, brought the last day of my school. And, although my life at Marley had not been altogether pleasant, still I looked forward with dread to the day when I should leave for home. For home, and it is terrible to speak so about home, but it seemed more dreary and dreadful still. I pictured my return, as I sat in the morning mending my gray traveling-dress, which I had torn the night before. I knew so well that mother would see that rent the first thing, and how plainly I could hear her say,

"Wall, Lenore, you have hatcheled out that dress pretty quick; and your shoes, too; if there haint a brack in one of them; they ought to have lasted you two years."

And then Mrs. Dagget would groan, "Wall, I shan't be here to see it go on long." And then, in honor of my return, for I believe they were both attached to me in their way, I thought, perhaps, Mrs. Dagget would strike into the funeral anthem which she always sung in her happier moments. The tune was wailing and despairing in the highest degree, and in her quavering and mournful tones, the effect was depressing and melancholy, beyond words to describe.

"My friends, I am going
A long and tedious journey,
Never to return,
Never, never, never to return."

As I pictured all this, how low my heart sank; and yet it was no ill-usage which I dreaded; it was only a total lack of sunshine, the heart-food, lacking which the soul hungers. I wondered if home would be to me in the future as dreary as the past had been. No! no! Cecil, my darling! I should have a home sometime—a bright, blessed, beautiful home. I didn't care whether its walls were of brown stone, or unpainted wood, so that it held peace and tenderness. Of course, I should not always be first in his heart, as I was now; there would be some gentle, lovely woman to

there our home. I wanted it to be so. Earth's crowning blessing, my darling must possess, if I looked out for it myself. And I would love her so dearly, because she was dear to him; I would love her so, she couldn't help but love me a little back; and like the fairy stories, we would live together happy ever afterward. All the day this thought went with me. And it was with me still in the twilight, as I went out into the western porch, with my book, for the last time. It was always shadowy and quiet there; but more quiet on this night, it seemed, than I had ever known it. I can remember just how the sky looked when I first went out, a mass of rose, and purple, and amethyst, changing to a pale, golden yellow. But I sat there till it turned a dull, lifeless gray, and then a star shone out above it.

As I sat there, a carriage, with one man in it, passed by, and I thought I heard it stop. But I thought, if I thought anything about it, that it was some one to see Mr. Evans on business. I did not hear a step behind me, and the first intimation I had of any one's presence was a friendly hand laid upon my shoulder.

"You poor, dear child!"

Mrs. Evans' face was wet with tears, and she bent down and kissed me.

"What is it?" I cried. "Cecil? is anything the matter with Cecil?" It was so natural for this first thought of my heart to rise to my lips.

"You poor little dear!" This was from Mr. Evans, who was followed by an elderly man, whom I recollected as the innkeeper at Marly. This man came forward and said, "This is the young lady, I suppose."

And I remember well, how piteously he looked at me, as he handed me a telegram. I opened the envelope, and read:

"Cecil Vail mortally wounded. Come instantly."

From the time I read these words till I stood in the room with Cecil, it all seems to me like a dream, or rather as if all the world of living, breathing, happy beings, moving by their own volition and impulses, were transformed to a stony realm, whose inhabitants were but moving machines, guided by some inexorable and relentless fate.

I remember, as in a dream, Mrs. Evans throwing her arms about my neck and weeping over me.

"What time would the train leave?" I asked.

"There is just time to catch it, if you hurry."

This was the landlord, who brought the dispatch.

Then the figure, who was not Lenore Vail at all, but somebody else, a still, pale creature, for whom the Lenore of the old time felt a vague pity, went up the stair-case into her room, with all life merged into the one idea of haste—haste! Mrs. Evans insisted on putting on her waterproof cloak—would she ever be done buttoning it? Where was her hat and gloves? Never mind her gloves; oh, here they were. Haste, then—the train would be gone. On the nightfall, which was fast enwrapping the earth, she sat in a carriage, with Mrs. Evans weeping by her side. She did not shed a tear; they had all fallen inward, and the fountain of tears was frozen over. All the life she had was merged in feverish haste. Would the carriage never get there? How slowly the wheels turned; she could have walked faster. Oh! here was the depot at last. "Had the train gone?" "No, it had not come in, it was late to-night."

"Dear child, go into the sitting-room and wait," said Mrs. Evans.

No, no; the air in-doors would stifle her, and she could see the train coming on the platform, sooner, if it would ever come. But there had been some accident—some bridge had fallen and crushed the cars in ruins! It would never come! Oh, there it was now, its one red eye shining faintly far away; it came creeping along like a snail through the gathering darkness; would it never get here—never?

Mrs. Evans' last kiss upon her face, her cheek wet with the tears which were not hers; the crowded car, and the landlord saying something to the conductor about caring for her, and a carriage at the end of the route—and then began the endless, endless turning of the wheels, that did not carry her forward at all, but turned round and round for no purpose. And at any obstruction in the road the car would seem to her to leap upward instead of onward, and settle back in the old place. The first station! Would the passengers never get out and let the cars go on. How slowly they walked. Five minutes! were there ever five minutes before that were not minutes, but hours? The whistle at last, and they began to creep up again. Would the cars ever get to the next station? It had been years instead of hours since they had sent for her. So the long night wore away.

In the gray dawn of morning, she stood in a lofty hall, with a woman who looked like a nurse, and worn with watching, standing before her, saying,

"This is Lenore Vail? We were expecting you."

Then her lips fashioned the words she could not speak.

"Is he alive?"

"He is just alive, and is calling for you, constantly. Dr. Chester is with him, and has been all night; he won't let his uncle come into the room; he has been calling for you all night." And the woman took off the hat and cloak from that cold, still figure, but it only bothered her, it only kept her from going on. Up the broad stair-case, the woman still clasping her hand, through a long corridor, and at the door of a chamber, she was left to enter alone.

A room with the gray dawn entering the windows, and a night-lamp burning on a stand. A young man leaning over a bed, watch in hand, counting the pulses of the pale figure, lying there so motionless. The doctor turned, hearing the sound of footsteps; then stepped aside. The great brown eyes opened.

"Nora, you have come at last, dear sister!"

"Cecil, my darling, my brother!" And I, Lenore Vail, whose whole worth of life was here slipping from me so fast, knelt by him, with my arms about his neck, and my face pressed close to his own. At last he whispered, in a tone of self-reproach I couldn't understand,

"I have broken your heart, poor Nora; how white you are." And he raised his poor, weak hand, that lay upon the counterpane, and tried to pass it caressingly over my face; but it fell helplessly again to his side; and with his eyes full of sorrow and deep self-reproach, the faint voice went on,

"Did they tell you, Nora?"

"What, Cecil?"

"Did they tell you how it was done?"

"No, they told me nothing!"

"They will tell you," he whispered, in short sentences, broken often with weakness. "You will have to know it; I want to tell you now, while I can hear you say you forgive me; it was in a drunken quarrel. Carlton insulted me; we were both intoxicated; I struck him, and he stabbed me." He paused a minute, and then looked up into my face, with those affectionate, appealing eyes, that never appealed to me, nor never could, in vain,

"Can you forgive me? I broke my promise to you, but I was tempted, Nora; you can't ever know how they tempted me, uncle and all, and I was weak; I have fallen so low—I am too guilty—"

"You are not so guilty, my poor darling, as those who have led you, driven you into temptation. The guilt will be upon them. My broken heart, whose only treasure you were, will witness against them at the Last Day. Oh, why did I ever let you go from me?" I cried in my anguish.

The doctor touched me upon my shoulder. I remember well how tenderly and pityingly the kind eyes, I had not forgotten, looked down upon me, as I rose and sat down by the pillow. He said, "I need not disturb you but a minute." He bent down and moistened Cecil's lips with wine, for the invalid lay again, as he did when I first came, white and motionless as the dead. The doctor did not caution me about exciting him, but only said: "He will revive again," and drew up a chair in front of the bed. We both waited; it may have been a quarter of a hour that he lay thus, while the gray dawn struggled with the pale night-lamp for victory, and a shadow out of the dark passes of the valley would flit across his face, coming oftener and oftener; and the doctor's watch, ticking loudly in the silence, sounded like the pulse of eternity throbbing on forever. At last Cecil opened his eyes, and seemed to be thinking of something that troubled him; for he knit his brow, as if in deep thought; finally he spoke in a whisper,

"Won't you tell me, there is something I wanted to say?" And he lifted to the doctor's face, his great eyes, so full of the mystery of the future he was so near, and full of a perplexed, questioning expression.

The doctor bent over him, and laid his hand gently upon his forehead, and smoothed back the brown hair as tenderly as a mother might.

"Was it something about your sister?"

"Yes, Nora;" and his eyes lost that seeking look, and became full of a boundless sorrow and regret. "Yes, Nora, she loves me so."

The doctor moved away, and went and stood by the window, looking out, and I went forward and knelt again by his side.

"Nora, lay your cheek down close to mine. I can't die till you promise me something—"

"I will promise you anything; there is nothing too hard for me to promise you."

"Will you try to forget me; let it be to you as if I had died when I was a baby."

"Don't think of me, darling brother; think of——"

But he interrupted me with his faint whisper, full of a boundless sorrow and regret.

"I said I would make your future happy, and I have broken your heart. I wanted to make you a happy home, that would atone——" Here the faint voice died out.

"God will care for me, Cecil. Don't think of me, darling; think of the Good Father, who can forgive all our sins, and take us to the dear home above, where there is no sin nor sorrow—where we can meet again. Will you pray for this, Cecil?" I whispered, with my cheek close to his, which was growing cold so fast.

"Lead us not into temptation," he murmured, striving feebly to clasp his hands together, as he used to in prayer, when a child. "I should have prayed that; let them all—those like me, as I was when I left you, young, unused to the world—let them pray that prayer. Had I then, I should not have been here, so low, beyond God's forgiveness—God's mercy."

"That you can never be. He loves you and pities you more than you can ever dream of. He wants to forgive you, to take you to His own rest, if you will ask Him, if you will trust Him."

But he only murmured again, with his faint voice, the words that seemed to him to be of most import, "Lead us not into temptation." And then he added, while a sudden look of anguish, and despair, and reproach came into his face,

"Tell uncle——"

But whatever message the soul, groping upon the borders of the unknown, where things strange to us here will be explained, whatever word he wished to leave for him who had been the cause of his undoing, will never be known here; for the dying lips refused to utter what we could gather only in the knit brow of despair and the troubled and reproachful eyes; the voice sank away into silence, and the message commenced on earth will be finished at the bar of God.

He lay silent, with closed eyes, for so long a time that I thought he would never be conscious again. As I bent over him, thinking, as fond hearts will, that I could give him up if he could only look at me, or speak to me once more, he suddenly opened his eyes and looked up into my face with the old innocent, baby look that he used to wear, with the anguish, and reproach and fear all gone now. I fancied he thought he was again in the old chamber at home, for he said, with a smile, as he used to before I left him at night,

"Kiss me, Nora!"

I bent down and kissed his brow, and cheek, and lips. Softly, but quite loud and clear, he said,

"Good-night, Nora."

Then he murmured, dreamily, some words of the old prayer that he used to repeat to me,

"Now I lay me down to sleep," and, turning his head over gently, he went to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

From that moment of Cecil's death there is a blank, a death in life, that lasted for long weeks, though there were intervals of partial consciousness that seem like fragments of frightful dreams faintly remembered, when I would be vainly striving to save Cecil from some danger; it was Cecil, always Cecil, who was in some peril from which I was striving to rescue him. Sometimes he would be falling over a precipice, a sharp, sandy wall, and clinging to a slender twig that grew upon its very utmost edge; and as I reached down to him it would break, and he would fall down, down, down; and the sand would slide out underneath me, and I would fall with him and be lost. And days of unconsciousness would follow.

Sometimes he and I would be walking over endless tracts of ice, glittering on every side of us, and no object in sight only us two, when suddenly the ice would break beneath our feet and he would disappear, and I would plunge in after him and die with him.

Sometimes the solid ground would give way beneath our feet. We would stand upon the crust of volcanoes, that would burst forth in flames, and swallow us up, first Cecil, and then me, who would rush in after him. Islands would sink with us beneath the water, and I would go down with my arms stretched out toward him, striving to reach him, to save him as he sunk just before me.

We would be out at sea, in two boats, side by side, with nothing else visible on the wide waste of waters. For days we would sail along in that dead calm, with the sun beating down upon our heads, striving to flee from some danger that was menacing Cecil, to get to some land of escape that was far away hidden from us. At last we would see land ahead, safety for Cecil, when, just before we reached it, his boat would begin to sink, sink, sink—and I, plunging over the side of the boat, would sink with him.

At last my intervals of consciousness became more frequent and my dreams calmer. My fever burnt itself out, and died away; and at last, one night, which must have been about six weeks from the day I went to my uncle's, I awoke, and heard a clock strike twelve.

The room was dimly lighted, but still I could see that it was entirely strange to me. A woman sat by a stand, with her back to me, and a face was bending over me; and, although it seemed looking on me from some strange distance, well I knew that kind, noble, gentle face, pale and weary now, as from long watching. For the instant, that face brought it all back to me. I had been sent for—Cecil was sick. Why was I lying there when he needed me, and maybe wanted me? I would speak, at least, and, collecting all my strength, spoke out in a voice I did not know, it was so low, and weak, and strange to me.

"How is he?"

The face bent forward eagerly as I spoke, and while it remained there, wrapped in a kind of haze that made it seem far away, though it was so near I could have touched it with my hand, I repeated my words again, as people do in dreams:

"How is Cecil?"

The face bent down and kissed me, as a being from another world might. The brown hair swept about my face like a soft mist, and for a moment I was standing out in a spring sunset—flowers were lying upon my brow, bending from lofty boughs overhead; a warm rain was falling upon my face.

"He is asleep."

The words carried me back again into the chamber. The voice sounded as dreamy and strange as if it came from the land of dreams, and yet it contented me. I remember thinking dreamily, how good it seemed to be at ease about him, he was better—and to go to sleep.

And then we were out in a boat on a pleasant river, Cecil and I, gliding along between green shores, where birds were singing, with the cool waves plashing against the side of the boat. Fainter and fainter sounded the ripples; the bird's song melted into the soft sighing of the water, into silence—the silence of a sleep that was as profound almost as the sleep of death, and which lasted, they told me afterward, through the remainder of that day, night, and the next day until about noon, when I awoke, perfectly rational and out of danger.

They were very kind to me, uncle, his housekeeper, and all, and uncle urged me to stay with him always. But no—I could not stay in the place that had proven so hard for him, my darling. And not one penny of the wealth he wished to bestow upon me, for Cecil's sake, could I take; it seemed to me like the price of his blood. No! I must work, I told him, or I must die; I only waited there till I should get stronger.

But what I suffered in those long days and long nights only the dear Lord can tell, who draws so near to us when we are in sorrow.

What I suffered in those long days of convalescence, when I felt that my strength was returning, that I was coming back out of the shadow of death, coming back into a world where Cecil was not! Those long, long nights, when the air was full of his voice, his old, ringing laugh, his pet names for me, his dying words.

But they were all kind to me; and that face that bent over me with tears, by my brother's bed, and that met my conscious gaze first of all, that face has, through all the years since, never changed to me.

We have a little girl that her father would call Nora—Nora Vail Chester—her father would have it so. But my name is all she possesses of me, for she is her father's image in miniature, and I love her more dearly because she has his eyes, his smile, and his sunny hair. We try to make home the pleasantest spot on earth to our little girl and boy, so that in after years, amidst life's battle, they can have at least a sweet memory to comfort them. I am a happy and proud wife and mother—happy in my home, for all the most blessed meaning of that word has been realized to me—peace, tenderness, rest; for the luxury with which my husband loves to surround me is nothing to the love that I found there. Proud of my darlings, my noble husband, my pretty little ones. But Cecil, my baby—though in his three years' manliness he hardly likes to be called that—he has the same large, dark, loving eyes that have looked upward to me thousands of times as I smoothed back just such clustering curls from another white forehead.

He is generous, affectionate, impulsive, easily influenced. Sometimes he comes to me at twilight, tired of his play, and lays his head in my lap, and looking up in my face with loving, wondering eyes, he says,

"What makes you cry, mamma?"

And for answer I only draw him closely to my heart, as if to hold him there against all the evil and temptation there is in the world, and cry,

"Oh, Cecil, Cecil!"

COMPENSATION.

BY O. P. W.

There are fountains of feeling,
And waves of unrest,
And pure aspirations,
And thoughts unexpressed.
Oft dark, brooding shadows
Will over us lie;
Till our souls pierce the cloud-land,
And reach the clear sky.

There's a bright land beyond,
We often are told;
Where the dross of this world
Is exchanged for pure gold.

GRETTA'S GOLD.

BY MINNIE L'ESTRANGE.

The organ was pealing forth its solemn notes in magnificent grandeur, and the voices of the choir rose up clear and sweet, a loud thanksgiving to God, when Gretta Thorne swept into church, and took her place in the front pew, alone. More than one new bonnet turned with its owner's head, and looked back to its neighbor, with a significant smile, as much as to say, "here she is in all her finery." But the choir suddenly ceased its singing, the organ stopped its triumphal praise, and the new minister arose and gave out the text. Then the bonnets, and hats, and flowers, and ribbons looked beyond the front pew to the stand, and the young ladies put on their sweetest smiles, and, for a time, forgot Gretta's magnificent attire, in contemplating the new minister, and wondering whether he was married or not; and if not, if he didn't prefer blue eyes to black, and black hair to brown. And they were very glad withal that they had worn their simplest attire, for his discourse plainly indicated that simplicity was more to be desired than affected magnificence. And Lizzie Grey was very sure that he had looked at her admiringly more than once, and that his eyes rested upon Gretta Thorne with a glance of pained surprise. Lizzie Grey was right, for John Clayton had looked at her admiringly, and at Gretta Thorne in surprise and pain—not altogether because of the magnificence of her attire, but because of the utter indifference of her demeanor, the proud, upright form and unbending head, that gave no sign of devotion even in the hour of prayer. How was he to know that she suffered keenly, bitterly; that her heart was praying as no heart in church prayed that day;

"Your magnificence and your grandeur here availeth you nothing."

The words seemed to be hurled at her, with horrible vindictiveness. She looked up—yes, he was looking at her, but his look of surprise turned to one of pain; and the girl shut her lips firmly, and listened to his words with a passionate suffering in her heart that she could no longer restrain.

When the discourse was ended more than one was melted to tears. Its simplicity had never been equaled in Brookfield before, and each and every one saw himself painted as he was.

The organ took up the refrain in more solemn grandeur than before, and then all was hushed and still for the benediction, which fell like a blessing from God on Gretta's troubled heart; and she turned to go, whispering softly to herself, "He has blessed me, too; thank God, I shall be stronger and better for that blessing."

In the vestibule there was a subdued murmur of voices, as they all stopped to speak to friends and acquaintances, as is the fashion in country congregations—all but Gretta, who passed slowly out, feeling like a stranger in a strange land, and scarcely heeding the half nods of recognition that she received. She turned once, on the steps, and looked back. The new minister was in the door, and their eyes met. There were tears in hers, for she had been as much impressed by the coldness of her neighbors as by the words of the sermon. But John Clayton would never forget the appealing sorrow of those eyes. They touched a tender chord in his heart that thrilled and trembled with a sudden strong emotion.

But Gretta had gone, swept away in her haughty young beauty, without even another backward glance. And Lizzie Gray, noticing the direction of the minister's eyes, said, softly, to Miss Long, "What a pity that one so beautiful as Gretta should be so heartless and careless of her own soul's welfare."

Mr. Clayton's eyes came back with a half sigh, and Mrs. Grey said, sweetly,

"Mr. Clayton, my daughter, Lizzie; her friend, Miss Long."

And Lizzie smiled, and bowed, and blushed, and hoped Mr. Clayton would find Brookfield a pleasant residence. And Mr. Clayton accepted their invitation to go home to dinner; and the procession filed out of church slowly and decorously, as Brookfield processions always do.

The evening service was even more largely attended than the morning's had been. Gretta was there again; but this time an elderly lady accompanied her, and regarded her with a sort of pride that had grown of late, since Gretta came into her inheritance. For the haughty girl, sitting there in such stoical indifference, could remember the time, not so very long ago, when Aunt Thorne had counseled her to stay at home, because she had nothing but a blanket-shawl to wear to church in winter, and an old-

fashioned sacque for summer; and yet the good lady was a very zealous member, and accounted herself one of Christ's chosen ones. But now it was different. Gretta's uncle, on her mother's side, had died, and left her seventy thousand dollars, and, regarding the lessons she had learned in the past with a sort of bitter hatred, Gretta plunged into magnificence with a feeling of despair.

But the truthful eyes of the young pastor seemed to haunt her with their reproachful glances, and she tried not to see him, or notice his look, but it followed her home; and all the week she could think of little else. The next Sabbath it was much the same, and when Lizzie Grey very kindly begged leave to introduce Mr. Clayton, Gretta lifted her brows in a haughty stare, and said,

"No, thank you, I am lectured enough already."

"Dear Gretta, I wish you wouldn't talk so," Lizzie said, sweetly. "I am sure Mr. Clayton would not lecture you."

"Wouldn't he? Don't he give us most scathing lectures every Sabbath morning?" And turning, Gretta saw the object of their conversation at her right, with a pale face and reproachful eyes. She knew that he had heard every word of their conversation, and furthermore that Lizzie's attack was premeditated. She gave the young lady an angry, indignant look, and swept out of church.

"Poor Gretta! she always meets my advances just so since she became an heiress," Lizzie said, veiling her eyes with their long lashes, and drawing a little sigh.

Mr. Clayton made no reply. He was wondering if Gretta Thorne was as bad as she seemed. There was that in the girl's earnest eyes which denied her outward appearance.

A little ragged urchin came running up the street, whooping and hallooing at a fearful rate, and, just opposite the church, stumbled and fell, and did not immediately rise. Gretta Thorne, in her trailing silk, turned back a step or two, and raised the child, whilst men, women and children from the church passed by on the other side, without offering to lend a helping hand.

Gretta took out her spotless handkerchief, and wiped the tears from the child's eyes, and the dirt from his face, and said,

"Are you much hurt?"

"No, not much, I guess. I thought I was killed at first; I meant to make 'em all think so, anyway."

"Was that right?"

"I don't know nor care much; they all feel so big in their nice clothes. They'd be glad to see me killed, I s'pose, 'cause I'm ragged."

"Well, jump up and go home, now. It's Sunday, and you mustn't run around to play."

"You don't talk like nobody else to me. You're always good, though Lizzie Grey does say you're proud and wicked."

Gretta sighed, but made no reply, and the boy continued,

"She's with the new parson, now. I s'pose he'd like to lick me, 'cause I'm breakin' the Sabbath."

"No, Mr. Clayton is a good man, I suppose, and very solicitous for the welfare of sinners like you and me."

This last was said bitterly enough, and Gretta, walking slowly home, did not know that Mr. Clayton had again overheard her remarks.

Lizzie Grey shuddered and said, "How can she touch him? But Gretta Thorne seems to take more kindly to such people than to refined persons."

Mr. Clayton failed to answer. He was thinking of Christ's example, and wondering if, after all, Gretta Thorne wasn't more of a Christian than some of her accusers.

The summer days merged into autumn, and Gretta had never yet spoken to Mr. Clayton. She avoided him studiously, although she often met him in the abodes of sickness and poverty.

It was at Mrs. Lawson's, a poor widow, that they met one Saturday afternoon; and Gretta rising quietly, laid down the book that she had been reading, and left the house. Her cheeks burned with a sense of shame, and she could hardly choke the tears back. She would have given all her earthly possessions, and gone back to the old days of servitude and shabby attire, could it have raised her in the estimation of her pastor. She clasped her hands, and leaned over the railing of the little wooden bridge, with a desolate pain at her heart. A quick, firm step sounded upon the bridge, and turning, the girl stood face to face with John Clayton, who put out his hands quietly, and taking hers in his strong clasp, said,

"Gretta Thorne, will you tell me why you hate me?"

"Oh, Mr. Clayton, will you forgive me for my rudeness, I am so sorry?" And Gretta lifted her beautiful, flushed, tear-stained face with a pleading look.

"Forgive you? yes, child, if you will tell me why you dislike me so."

"I don't hate you; indeed I don't. But I am so wicked, or everybody calls me so; and I know you think so, because I like to dress, and make a display. But I have been so poor,

Mr. Clayton, and nobody noticed me; and aunt Thorne wouldn't let me go to church, and I thought all people went for was to show their clothes."

She had told the whole story in a few rapid words, and John Clayton understood her, just as well as you and I do. He said,

"You thought so; but you do not think so now, do you? That is not what you go for," and he clasped the hands a little closer, that Gretta was trying to draw away.

"No;" and a painful blush suffused Gretta's face as she thought what she did go for, and wondered what Mr. Clayton would think of her if he knew.

A passionate wish rose up in the pastor's heart to call this wayward girl his own; but he thought of Gretta's seventy thousand dollars, and he dropped her hands as though they had been coals of fire. Hitherto he had only thought to win her regard; now he was more miserable than when she had so coldly shunned him.

Gretta noticed the change, but her pride forbade further questioning, and they walked to the village, side-by-side, without a word.

A handsome carriage and spirited span of bays stood at the gate, before Mrs. Thorne's door. Gretta looked up shyly with a woman's dread in her eyes, and said,

"Will you go in, Mr. Clayton? I am sure Aunt Thorne will be glad to see you."

And John Clayton, unable to resist, followed her into the house; while Lizzie Grey, at her window, on the opposite side of the street, was literally dying to know what had happened.

A handsome, stylish young man rose up to meet Gretta, as she came in, and extending his hand, said familiarly,

"I am happy to meet you again, Gretta, and have come this afternoon to take you to town for that promised ride."

"Thank you, I will be ready shortly," Gretta said, introducing the gentlemen, and wondering why Grant Carrol couldn't have staid away on that particular afternoon.

And John Clayton, with a jealous pang that he had never felt before, watched the two ride off, and listened to Mrs. Thorne's recital of Gretta's plans for the future.

"I expect she will marry Mr. Carrol about Christmas. Gretta has been trying lately to have it put off, but Grant isn't willing."

The next day Gretta was in her place as usual, and Mr. Clayton's eyes wandered more frequently than of yore to the pale, proud, sorrowful face that had a double interest for him now.

The autumn passed slowly away, and October with its gay robe was nearly done, when, one morning, Gretta woke up to learn that she was penniless. She was shocked and grieved for a moment, but the shock was nothing compared to the one she felt later in the day, when Grant Carrol came, asking for a release from his engagement. The girl gave the ring back haughtily, told him she was glad to be free, which was true, and then went out alone to battle with her grief and wounded pride.

"Oh, Grant, Grant!" she said, with a passionate sob, flinging herself, face down, upon the orchard grass. "I did not think you would desert me."

"Gretta, Gretta, my darling, what is it?"

The words were wrung from John Clayton's lips by her distress; and he gathered her up in his arms; but Gretta drew herself away, saying,

"Oh, nothing, Mr. Clayton, only I'm poorer than I ever was; the last penny has gone."

"But you have Mr. Carrol's love left."

"No. I have just learned that my money was all that he cared for. He is like everybody else."

"Thank God!" said Mr. Clayton, and again drew her to his heart. "Thank God you are again poor, Gretta; for I should never have dared tell you that I love you, had you not been; and I knew, long ago, that you did not hate me."

And so Gretta became John Clayton's wife.

LAKE OF DESPAIR.

BY PARIS A. MAGEE.

Idly I float, in an open boat,
Drifting where, oh, where;
Steady I ride, on the downward tide,
Through the Lake of Despair.
In an awful suspense, past Port Confidence,
As God's mercy in the distance sinks from view;
Floating down, all hope of the crown
Is lost in this lake, while I'm passing through.

Floating down, past city, hill and town,
As the moments their flight quickly take;
And at Point Destitute I see all sin's fruit,
As I float on this lonely lake.
Drifting with the tide, nothing in view beside,
The far-off future darker than this;
E'en now I hear the roar, as my boat sweeps o'er,
And is lost in an awful abyss.

THE LOST INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 206.

CHAPTER XXII.

"GRANDMAMMA, I have a little favor to ask."

Mrs. Rochester drew back upon her couch a little uneasily. She had never found her grandson particularly exacting, but the very idea that something might be required of her was startling to her selfishness.

"Don't look frightened," said the young man, laughing. "It is nothing very terrible. Only a little charity, that I cannot well carry out alone."

"A charity! Oh, Sir Charles!" cried the little woman, holding up both hands in genuine astonishment.

The young man colored angrily.

"Is it so very singular that I should wish to help a poor family?"

"Why not give money, Sir Charles? That is easy enough."

"But some people are so proud they will starve rather than take money."

The old woman put up her glass, and eyed the baronet keenly through it.

He blushed, and laughed a little uneasily.

"Well, dear?" she said, at length. "What is it that I can do for the people you wish to help?"

"Give them a little work, that is all."

"Work! I?"

"There! there! You have not heard me out. You have laces, and fine linen, and things."

"Which my maid attends to."

"Yes; but as the excuse for a charity."

"Ah, yes!"

"You could engage her to come here, and busy herself with your finery, which is sure to be out of order."

"But how? I do not have money of my own to throw away," answered the crafty old woman, whose greed was equal to her duplicity. "In fact, my allowance is shamefully small."

It was the young man's turn to scrutinize that false old face for a motive. He found her motive readily, and such was his evil earnestness of purpose, fell in with her paltry little snare at once.

"I did not know. How should a young man understand the cost of a lady's toilet? I am glad you suggested that the allowance is insufficient. What if I add fifty pounds a year to it?"

"Oh, you dear boy! Will you really?" cried the old lady, reaching up her frail arms that he might stoop down and meet the caresses he would gladly have avoided. "Now, tell me. Who is this person?"

"She is——"

"She—— Ah, yes! I understand. Some poor seamstress!"

"No, not that. She is the daughter of my Spanish teacher, a poor gentleman, who earns the scantiest living by his old-fashioned accomplishments. This girl is anxious to help him, but the old gentleman will not allow her to seek work."

"So you are doing it for him. Noble boy!"

Sir Charles gave his grandmother a quick, sharp glance, to make himself sure that a sneer did not underlie her simulated enthusiasm; but the dainty old creature was innocently unscrewing her perfume-flask, and smiling, as it seemed, over her own thoughts.

"So I am to have this needy person here to help my maid put things in order. Well, send her when you like, Charles."

"There is the trouble. These people are so proud they would feel the obligation, if it came from me. I fear you will have to seek them out."

"I—I—— But how? The thing is impossible!"

"Indeed! Then I fear we will have to drop the whole subject," answered the baronet. "Excuse me for troubling you."

Drop the whole subject, and that fifty pounds with it! Mrs. Rochester was startled by the possibility.

"Dear boy! How hasty he is. Does he think his grandmother would not do impossible things for him? Tell me where this young person lives."

Sir Charles gave the address. The old lady fairly caught her breath as she heard it, and every vestige of color went out of her face.

"That place! That great, loathsome house!" she cried.

"It certainly isn't a paradise; but the young lady lives there."

"Lives there. What is her name?"

"Ingersoll—Maud Ingersoll."

"What a name to come from a neighborhood like that."

"Then you know it. You have been there?"

"Who said so?" answered the old lady, sharply. "There! there! What is there strange in it. I lived in New York, you know, before you were born, and have a good memory for places."

"But, somehow, this particular house seems to trouble you," said the baronet. "There is no need that it should. The people who live in it are poor, but thoroughly respectable. In fact, you might search the world over, and not find a more perfect gentleman than this man Ingersoll."

"Yes, yes! I understand. Well, to oblige you, Charles, I will find the girl."

Sir Charles was satisfied with his grandmother's promise, but her sudden pallor, and the shock that trembled in her voice, surprised him. He thought of this a moment, then spoke again, but hurriedly, and with hesitating confusion, which did not surprise the old lady, but aroused her suspicion.

"No; as the—as Mr. Ingersoll is really a gentleman, and the girl may be kept after dark sometimes, it might be as well to send a carriage for her."

"A carriage for the young woman who minds my laces!" exclaimed Mrs. Rochester, in absolute consternation.

"Not my mother's carriage, of course; but one from the hotel. I should prefer that it should be so," said the young man.

Once more those keen eyes searched the baronet's face, over which the slow crimson rose. Then they drooped knowingly, and a smile crept over the old woman's lips.

"You are thoughtful and kind. It will save the trouble of sending a servant with her. I had not intended to keep the girl late, but it might happen," she replied.

"It will happen," answered the baronet, significantly.

The grandmother nodded her shaky old head.

"Then it is all settled. Only, Sir Charles—"

"Well?"

"Would you mind giving me the check for fifty pounds now? Really your mother is very forgetful about such things."

Sir Charles laughed, half in scorn of her greed, half at himself for submitting to it; but he took a check from his pocket-book, dashed a pen into the malachite ink-stand on the table, then across the paper, and gave it to her.

"That's a dear boy," she murmured. "I would tear my best and oldest cardinal point, rather than this poor girl should go without work."

"Well, pray attend to it soon. The necessity may be imminent, when people are so near want," answered the baronet.

"To-day. Yes, I think it shall be arranged before I sleep, as you seem to wish it."

"I do wish it."

Saying this, the young baronet took his hat, and went out, for he had several affairs to attend to that morning; among the rest, he had promised to meet his groom, who would return that day from a brief confidential trip into the country. He found this man waiting at the stables, where eight or ten of the finest horses that could be bought for money were housed within white-marble halls, and better cared for than the majority of human beings.

The groom was lounging near the door, when Sir Charles entered, but came forward at a glance from his master, lifting his hat.

"Well—what success?"

"Everything just as we expected, Sir Charles," he said, in a subdued voice, though the two were quite alone. "The house stands back from the highway half a mile or more. No one seems to interfere with it, or know much about it. I went to the village near by, and inquired if the place was to be rented. No one could tell me or name the owner. Some said it was the property of young Mr. Rochester, others said it belonged to his mother, a widow living beyond sea."

"Well, no matter about that. Is the place habitable or in ruins?"

"Well, Sir Charles, the outside isn't enticing, you know; but I have known well-to-do people live in worse, and think themselves comfortable enough."

"Did you go inside?"

"It was difficult, Sir Charles; but I made free to break a pane of glass, and unbolt a window, which let me into some dusty rooms."

"Empty?"

"No; that was the most astonishing part of it. More than half the rooms were furnished, and in tolerable order. I wouldn't have minded staying there myself."

"Indeed!" sneered the baronet, offended. "As I think of it, for my own accommodation, you are kind."

The man turned crimson, but made no apology. Being deep in the young baronet's confidence, he could afford to be insolent even, but forbore, rather from habit, than fear or respect.

"Were my other directions carried out?"

"Yes, Sir Charles, but carefully."

"That was right. Now see that everything is ready here."

"Yes, Sir Charles."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Old Mrs. Rochester was sadly troubled after her grandson left her. She had recognized the member of that tenement-house, and shuddered at the thought of once more encountering the man who had with such pathetic audacity called her mother. She was also terrified by the thought that this man, who could not be secured or trampled out of her life, might be found under the same roof with her aristocratic grandson when he went to this singular place for his lessons, and thus bring a complication of annoyances upon herself. She also remembered the fine old face of the teacher with strange thrills of apprehension. Where had she seen that face before? Surely, it was familliar to her; still that was impossible. He was an old man and in all her youth she could bring back no features so classical and so perfectly refined. Was the girl she was expected to employ this man's daughter, and why had Sir Charles taken such interest in her?

With all her worldly knowledge, this old woman could not unravel the tangled web which seemed to have been weaving in that tenement-house. Of course, she was a miserable coward—such women generally are; but these questions troubled her so that she resolved to face the difficulties at once, and ringing for her carriage, drove as near as she deemed prudent to the obnoxious building.

Picking her way in evident disgust along the street, she reached the house at last, and found a group of children barricading the passage with a wall of oyster-shells, which another ragged brigade of street Arabs were bringing up from a neighboring saloon. Standing upon the stairs she saw little Maggie intensely interested in the barricade, but keeping aloof from it, now and then casting anxious looks at the doors opening on the various landings as if she expected some avenging spirit to break loose and scatter the little toilers with fire and sword.

"There now, didn't I tell you! There comes a lady. How is she agoing to get in?" said the child, greatly excited by the presence of her mother's grand visitor.

"Oh, that's nothing," answered one of the largest boys, making a breach in the shell wall with a vigorous kick of his foot, which sent the fragments flying up the passage. "There's a clear road, only don't stay long, marm, 'cause the boys will be for building it up again."

Mrs. Rochester lifted her dress, stepped cautiously through the opening, and stopped upon the stairs to speak to little Maggie, whose bright eyes were welcoming her cordially.

"Is your mother at home, little girl?"

"Oh, yes; so is Maudie, and all the rest."

Mrs. Rochester paused; she wished to get some information from the child before proceeding upon her errand.

"And the sick man you thought so much of?"

"Oh, he's got real well; besides, he isn't here now."

"Indeed, where has he gone?"

"Don't just know, only he has gone, and I'm so sorry; so is mar, and I guess Maudie is, too, for she looked just like crying when he went."

"So you are sure that the sick man is gone," questioned Mrs. Rochester a second time; for she did not breathe quite free y yet.

"Just as sure as sure can be," answered the child.

"But you don't know where he has gone?"

"Oh, it's a great way off, ever so far."

"Indeed, then my child, this is for your news!"

In the feelings of her relief, Mrs. Rochester gave the child an English sovereign, which she happened to have in her portmonnie.

Maggie examined it closely, then lifted her great blue eyes reproachfully to the lady's face.

"It isn't a real cent," she said in a low, disappointed tone. Then brightening up all at once, she added, "but it will do for baby to cut his teeth on."

"You can get a whole lapful of cents for it," said the lady, an assertion that Maggie accepted with positive unbelief, while she kept eyeing the gold coin in her little palm as if there was something very mysterious in it.

"Now, little girl, will you show me up stairs? I want to see Miss Ingersoll."

Maggie started up and ran on before the lady, pausing now and then upon the stairs to wait for her.

"This is the door," she said, at length. "Shall I just run in and say you're coming?"

"Yes, go in and see if Miss Ingersoll is at home."

"Miss Ingersoll? I thought you wanted to see our Maudie."

"And so I do."

"Then I'll go right in."

Maggie did not wait to knock, but opened the door softly, and went into the room.

"Maudie! Maudie! Here is the great, good little lady again, and she wants to see you this time."

Maud saw a stranger hesitating at the door, and came forward. Mr. Ingersoll, who was reading by the window, looked up from his book and listened a little anxiously.

"Did you wish to speak with me," said Maud, opening the door more widely than Maggie had done. "Walk in."

Mrs. Rochester had not answered her at first, she was so completely absorbed by Mr. Ingersoll, whose face she was scanning with keen interest. Even as she advanced into the room, her eyes were upon him. She turned them aside at last, and drew a deep breath.

"He could not have looked so old as that. It is some other person; but the likeness is wonderful. Besides; besides, he would have known me," she continued thinking. "I haven't changed much, if at all; but there isn't a shade of recognition in his face. No, no; I was a fool to let that handsome old man startle me so."

While these thoughts possessed the lady, Mr. Ingersoll arose and placed the old oaken-chair for her.

"Be seated, madam," he said, bowing as he returned to his own seat by the window.

Again the woman started. That voice! she would have sworn to the voice as one she had heard and dreaded years before. For a moment her heart stood still. Could it be that this one, too, had started out of the past to haunt and torment her here? She watched the old man furtively all the time she was speaking with Maud.

"I have come to ask a favor," she said, addressing Maud in her sweetest tones, "a really great favor. Of course, I would not expect that you would go away from home as a general thing, but I am so much in want of a little help about my laces. They are very rare, and worth their weight in gold a hundred times over; so rare that I should be miserable to trust them out of my sight; would you, young lady, come to my rooms and help me put them in order?"

"I cannot tell. I never have been away from home in that way," said Maud, blushing crimson, and looking toward her grandfather, who had dropped his volume and was listening anxiously. "Besides, I—I do not know who it is that wants me, or where I am to go."

Mrs. Rochester gave a little nervous laugh, and all the lace and flowers of her tiny bonnet began to vibrate.

"True enough," she said, "There never was a person so forgetful as I am. The truth is, we are so well known about the estates of my grandson, that I forget what strangers we are in America; I am Mrs. Rochester. My grandson, Sir Charles, has taken lessons here, I think. He was mentioning your delicate needle-work at the breakfast-table just before he left town."

"Then Sir Charles has left town," said Mr. Ingersoll, who had been listening keenly from the moment Mrs. Rochester mentioned her name.

"Oh, yes, we cannot expect to keep him always with us. It was your great prairies and mountains that brought him over. All our nobility are running crazy about buffalo-hunting."

"When will he return?" asked the old man, gravely.

"I do not know exactly, but in time to resume his lessons, no doubt," answered the lady, thinking the questioner anxious regarding the remuneration that came from his pupil. "But about the young lady?"

Mr. Ingersoll cast an earnest glance at Maud, who had been white as death until she heard that Sir Charles had left the city. Then her delicate color came back, and the terrified look left her face.

"Of course, you will like to go, Maud. It will be a pleasant change for you."

Maud was surprised. Never, in all his poverty, had he been willing that she should leave her home under any consideration; but now, he both looked and spoke eagerly.

"If you think best," she said, with some hesitation. "But when?"

"Oh, I shall send the carriage for you. The hotel is not far off; but, of course, we shall not permit you to walk the streets alone."

"You are very kind," said Maud, somewhat elated; for it was seldom that she had entered a carriage in her life. "If my grandfather permits, I will do my best about the laces."

Mr. Ingersoll smiled, and bent his head.

"Then it is arranged," said Mrs. Rochester, arising, with a soft flutter of lace and silks. "We have said nothing about remuneration."

A flash of pride shot across the old man's face.

"That is a subject," he said, "which you will kindly allow to rest. My grand-daughter takes no heed of such things. You have asked a favor, madam, which she is happy to grant."

Mrs. Rochester colored a little, angrily, but subdued herself, and accepted the situation gracefully.

"Until I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Ingersoll, I did not know how great a favor I had asked. I am sure Lady Oakley will be delighted; to own the truth, we are a little lonely in this country, everything is so strange."

As she spoke, the little lady fluttered toward

the door, and made her way to the stairs. She had been ill at ease during the whole visit, for, having no great faith in anything good or unselfish in human nature, she was doubtful of her grandson's object in asking the thing she had done, and somewhat troubled about the result. She had been so accustomed to using all those around her as tools, seizing upon the benefits, and throwing the responsibility on them, that the chance of involving herself was a torment to her. Even now, she began to repent of a step that seemed perfectly safe and innocent in itself, but which was full of underlying anxiety, because she could not fathom the young man's motive in urging it upon her.

Maud followed her visitor to the first flight of steps, and Maggie ran down to the outer door, resolved to guard her through the rabble of street Arabs that was probably swarming around it. But the boys had sought some other means of diversion, and the little girl found only a few straggling oyster-shells which she brushed away from the lady's path with both hands and feet. When she had done this, the child put back the golden masses of her hair and looked into Mrs. Rochester's face.

"I say, lady, you mean to be real good to our Maudie, don't you, now? Nobody shall hurt her, shall they?"

The woman started. The child's question seemed to come directly out of her own uneasy thoughts.

"Good to her? Hurt her? Why, child, what put that idea into your head?"

"I don't know," answered Maggie, thoughtfully, "only I want to be sure."

"Well, you can be sure."

The child shook her head.

"But if anybody should?"

"Should what, you teasing little thing?"

"I—I don't just know what, but our Maudie is a great deal safer when I am by—ask her if she isn't."

A little cracked laugh broke from the old woman. This demure claim of some power to protect a young lady, coming from the lips of a mere baby, amused her.

"You see," persisted Maggie, lifting her great blue eyes with comical earnestness, "Maudie isn't like mar, or the rest of 'em in the house, she gets frightened so easy, and don't fight for herself worth a cent; so I have to do it for her. Mar said I must, and she knows."

"You fight for her?" exclaimed the old lady, laughing till her little head, with all its butterfly adornments seemed to dance on the withered shoulders.

"Yes, I do—so there!" answered the little one, half crying. "If you don't believe it, ask that English fellow with the cane. We don't want Mr. Ingersoll to know anything; but if you don't believe me, ask him about the Park—he knows."

Mrs. Rochester stopped laughing suddenly. She remembered that little scene in the Park, when Sir Charles seemed to be on such excellent terms with the old teacher and his grandchild. Something more than had been explained to her lay in this. She began to comprehend that a good deal of blind adhesion was bargained for when her income was raised by that promise of fifty pounds a year, and the idea filled her with uneasiness. While these thoughts were passing through her mind, little Maggie had been wistfully regarding her. At last she ventured to speak.

"When our Maudie is at your great big house, may I come and see to her sometimes—just to pacify mar, you know?"

"Of course, you may come. Only——"

Here the lady checked herself; but the significant look that she cast on the child's soiled and torn frock, out of which her plump little shoulder was lifted, pointed her objection plain enough, even for the intelligence of a little creature like that.

"Oh, this isn't my best frock," she said, blushing all over like a dear little rose-bud as she was. "I've got another white one, only—only——"

"Only what?"

"I—I haven't any shoes to go with it, and Maudie says that white frocks and bare feet don't confirm. No, that isn't just the word; but she don't think they are just the thing."

"I should think not," said the old lady; but the piece of gold which I just gave you will buy both shoes and a pretty bonnet."

The child's blue eyes widened with astonishment.

"What! that bright two-cent piece?"

"Yes. Tell your mamma to try it."

"Mamma! What's that?"

"Your mother," said the lady, highly amused.

"Oh, I must tell mar that."

"Yes. And here is another piece of gold, which will buy you a neat dress that you can wear when you come to see us. Give it to Miss Ingersoll, she will know what you want."

Maggie took the gold, while she feasted her eyes on the glittering portmonaie from which it was taken.

"I'll give it to Maudie, sure," she said.

When all the things are bought, you may run over to the hotel, and let us see how they look."

said the lady. "I shouldn't wonder if you found a pretty doll waiting for you."

Maggie's eyes grew bright as stars

"A doll! with—with eyes, real eyes?"

"Yes, that open and shut."

"Oh, my!"

"Now, good-morning, little girl."

"Good-morning, lady. I'll be sure to come; and, I say——"

Mrs. Rochester turned back, for the eager little thing was following her.

"I say, lady, are you one of the little fairy godmothers that Maudie tells about? Did you ever turn mice into horses, and winter-squashes into a lovely coach, and such like?"

"No, child; but I can turn dirty little girls into nice lovely children. It does not require more fairy work than the gold in your hand for that. Now run up stairs, and tell Miss Maud all about it."

"Yes, I will. Thank you—thank you, lady!"

Away flew the child up those interminable stairs, her eyes dancing, her heart leaping with delight, calling out as she went, "Maudie! Maudie! just see what I have got!"

Mrs. Rochester heard the eager cry, as she made her way into the street, and wondered that so mere a trifle could make any one on earth so happy, even a child."

"It would be worth while to fling away trifles of gold in this fashion, even for the amusement of seeing a human being so happy," she murmured. "It really is interesting; but one does not often think of it. This is a quick-witted, observing little creature, bright as a bird, and as innocent. All that there is to know I can get at through her; and it really is important that I should keep track of things in that house."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"THERE is to be one more sitting—only one, grandfather. Then he will let us see it," said Maud, tying on her little bonnet with tremulous haste, for this picture had been a great excitement to her, and its completion seemed to approach an epoch in her life over which she pondered and trembled as Eve might have trembled when she first opened her eyes on Paradise. "Will you come with us—little Maggie and I?"

"Not yet, child. I must wait till your grandmother comes in."

"But, grandfather, he will expect us, and you wouldn't like me to go alone."

Here little Maggie came forward with an air of grave importance that was almost comical.

"I will see to her, Mr. Ingersoll. Nobody in the wide world shall do Maudie a bit of harm—so don't you mind."

The calm, sweet smile that came over the old man's face was beautiful. The self-reliance and devotion of the little girl amused him somewhat, but touched his gratitude more than he cared to express. He looked at the pretty, fair, frank face which the blue hood shaded without half concealing the golden tangle of curls that it could not quite keep back from her eyes, and thought how fit it was that a pretty cherub like that should guard his own gentle Maud.

"I have to stop on the way," said Maud, leaning over her grandfather's chair. "See, the lady gave little Maggie these two gold pieces, and I am to get her a dress and some other little things with them. Perhaps we might go now, and you would come after."

"Yes, yes, that will do," answered the old man, patting Maggie on the head. "I will be with you directly."

"There, didn't I tell you so," said Maggie, taking Maud's hand with the solemn gravity of an old woman. "I'll take good care, Mr. Ingersoll. You needn't be a mite afraid that I shall ever go to sleep again."

The old man did not understand this promise quite so well as his grandchild, whom it left covered with burning blushes, and a feeling about the hand as if she would have felt it a relief to box the rosy little ears hid under that blue hood.

"Come, Maggie, come! We have so much to do," she said, half-crying.

"Didn't I say so!" answered the child, dancing off toward the stairs. "Now tell me, Maudie, what kind of a dress are you going to buy me, something worth while, won't you?"

"Yes, something very pretty. Shall it be blue——"

"Like the sky!" said Maggie, giving an extra hop on the stairs.

"Or pink?"

"Like the roses," Maggie chimed in, going from one color to another with the facility of a born coquette.

"Or, perhaps, white. Then you could have a sash any color you liked."

"Like the snow, with crankley work all round the bottom," exclaimed the child, in a delirium of excitement. "Now do come along. How slow you are, Maudie."

The girl was too young herself not to enter into the child's impatience. She had never had the control in her life of so much money as lay folded in the bit of tissue-paper clasped in her hand. It seemed to her as if little Maggie had

dropped into a fortune, of which she was the honored guardian.

"Oh, dear!" said the child. "How I wish we had got the dress for that picture. Wouldn't it have been just lovely, instead of this old frock and the hood. Anyway, he might have waited till I got the new shoes, and not have took them with the toes all stubbed out. I say, Maudie, don't you think he could put me in all over again, when I get my new things, with the sash and all."

Maud laughed pleasantly. The supreme happiness of this little creature delighted her.

"I'm afraid not, Maggie. He seemed to like the old things best. It was your dear, good little face he wanted most. In fact, between us, Maggie, I think your half of the picture will be by far the most interesting."

"Oh, no, it won't! Your shoes don't show, and you had your very best dress on; but never mind, maybe he'll do mine all over again. Then I'll seem just like your own sister."

"You are like my own sister now, Maggie."

Maggie looked very serious for a moment, and lifted her eyes wistfully to her companion.

"I wish I only was," she said. "Then you never would go away and leave me, as mar says you will!"

Then Maud became serious also, and held the little warm hand in hers so closely that the child almost cried out under the pressure.

Of course, sometime she must leave this darling child, who had become so dear to her, and who was, in fact, the only friend she had of her own sex. The thought came to her now with a pang of regret, and she could hardly keep from stooping down and kissing the child there in the open street.

But youth is so full of hope that these thoughts passed off at the first store these two entered, and having got through with their little fortune in so little time that the fleetness of it seemed marvelous to the child, they went to White's office, each carrying a parcel in her hand, for Maggie was so delighted with the purchases made with her gold that she refused to trust them out of her sight, and fairly danced under their weight as she went along. I do not know why it was that Maud knocked so timidly at the studio door; but some premonition, perhaps, caused her heart to beat loudly, and her nerves to thrill as she claimed admission.

Arthur White had been waiting for that summons with all a lover's impatience. His picture was completed, and, for once, all the vital love of a man's soul, and the artistic force of his intellect inspired him. The face he had painted was the face he loved. Of course, the likeness did not satisfy him—nothing of mortal work could have done that; but there was much in it that appealed only to his æsthetic taste, and there the inspiration of his love had been reached. While waiting for the original the artist had been feasting on the picture; a touch here and there on the drapery was wanting to its perfection, he had said to the girl at her last sitting; but it was rather that he might see her again in the old place than from any real necessity. An absolute loneliness came over him, as he thought of the hours in which they had been together, while his heart and his genius kindled alike into supreme action under the mere influence of her presence.

It seemed hard, almost impossible, for him to give up the sweet life they had been leading, the hope of her coming, the dainty preparations, the dreamy after-time, when every word or look of the fair young creature came back to him with a hazy, poetic glamor over it that was like mist upon a rose-thicket, softening the beautiful reality.

"At last," he said, drawing the girl into his room with a gentle touch of the hand, which made her eyes droop, and sent a rosy flush all over her. "At last!"

Maud looked up. That shaded room, with its litter of artistic fragments, seemed more like home to her than the poor apartments in her tenement abode. She had learned to appreciate the peculiar fascination attached to these things, and out of her own bright nature had sprung a keen sympathy with the genius of the man who was to her like a god on earth. Was this the last time she would come there? When she was no longer needed would some other girl, whose picture might be far more beautiful than hers, take her place there? Would he look into other eyes as he had looked into hers? No! no! that was impossible; but it troubled that gentle heart that he should look into other eyes than hers at all.

"Will you look at the picture now?" said White, leading his visitor up to the veiled easel, and regarding her with anxious scrutiny, feeling all at once how inadequate his genius had been to embody the sweet, spiritual expression of her face, and hesitating, with his hand on the drapery, while she felt equally sure that he had made her far more beautiful than she deserved, if the portrait was beautiful at all.

Ah! It was beautiful. Maud could not believe that the exquisite creature sitting there was intended for her. Yet the artist was right. Nature had, indeed, surpassed his genius; yet that in itself had done much in making a really splen-

did picture. Sitting in a low, old-fashioned easy-chair, Maud was looking down upon the child, who seemed to have thrown herself at her feet. The rich-hued drapery of a shawl, cast loose from her shoulders, had fallen over her dress, and rested on the floor. Against this drapery the little girl leaned, with one hand across her friend's lap, the other was grasping at the shawl, as if she had been seized with sudden shame of her torn shoes, and in another instant would draw the shawl over them. A shade of tender sympathy was in the elder girl's face; her lips were just parting, as if gentle words were crowding to them. It was a sweet, harmonious group, and while Maud would not believe that the beauty was hers, she was so struck by it that she fairly caught her breath.

"Does it please you," questioned the artist, watching her face wistfully, for he was by no means satisfied with his own work.

The color came into his face. She looked quietly from the artist to his picture; then her lips moved tremulously, and a blush surged up to her forehead.

"If I were only half as beautiful, you might indeed care for me."

"Only half as beautiful? Why, Maud, if I really could give your face exactly as it is now, we need not wait for better times, that would soon win us an independence—but it falls so far beneath you."

As Maud was about to answer, Maggie called to her from the dais on which they had always been grouped for a sitting.

"Come along Maudie, I'm almost ready."

Sure enough the child had taken off her old shoes and flung them with supreme contempt into a corner of the room. With much straining of buttons she had put on a new pair of horse-leather boots, which glistened gorgeously against the loose folds of the shawl. Then throwing off her blue hood, she had crowned her head with a little sailor's hat, from which a blue ribbon fluttered down among her thick amber curls; rather out of keeping with her faded calico dress, but the little creature was too pretty in herself for anything to seem much out of place with her.

"Come along, Maudie, I'm all ready; Mr. White can begin at the new hat or boots; it don't make any difference to me which."

"Upon my word, I wouldn't mind painting her that way," said White, struck with a selfish idea. "It is a shame that the child should not be taken with her good clothes on. Besides, I promised a picture to her mother."

Maud's heart gave a joyful leap, and her eyes shone. She went up to the child and fell to kissing her.

"Come sit down, I'm all ready, and want to snuggle up to you, just as we used to."

"Would you, Maud? Would you come with her, Maud?" whispered White.

Maggie lifted her sweet, pleading face.

"Won't you, now, Maudie?"

"If I can; if grandfather will let me."

"Of course he'll let you. Why not?" said the artist.

"I don't know, Arthur; after this I shall have something to do."

"How, what can you mean?"

"Nothing, much; only a lady that grandfather wants to please, has taken a fancy that I can help her about some fine work that she don't want to trust to any one else, so I shall be away from home more than usual."

"A lady," said White, over whose face a sudden cloud came. "What lady?"

"The name is Rochester. She is in some way related to the young English gentleman."

"Indeed!"

"You do not like this," said Maud, troubled by her lover's clouded face. "I felt the same way at first; but grandfather seemed to wish it, and I could not refuse anything."

"No, no! you could not refuse. Still, still, oh, Maud! if I only had made my way a little more rapidly; or if this superfine education, which brother Dan almost forced upon me, had not cost so much, your grandfather should take no help but mine. I never knew what it was to crave money till now. It is hard to see my future wife——"

"No, no! You must not say that; I have prayed so often for the power to help my grandparents. One time it seemed the greatest blessing God could send me; but now——"

"But now," said Arthur, circling her waist with his arm and drawing her toward him.

Here little Maggie sprang up and caught hold of Maud's dress with both hands.

"Don't now," she pleaded, with tears in her eyes. "Mar told me to take care of her, and she'll scold me so. Please let her go; it scares her dreadfully—don't it Maudie."

Arthur White laughed pleasantly. Maud, covered with vehement blushes, stooped to kiss the excited little one, who turned her face away.

"Won't you kiss me, Maggie?"

Maggie only answered that she wished he'd begin with her new boots, for she never meant to come there again—never!

Then to appease the young lady, White posed her for the new picture, and told her if she didn't

stop being cross, or ever talked to anybody about—well, about anything, the new boots should never go in, nor the hat either; but if she was a good girl, and said nothing naughty, she should have a famous little lady, just like her own self, to hang on the wall of her mother's bedroom. Whereupon Maggie pouted a little longer and said she rather guessed she'd keep still and have the picture.

It was a little hard on White that he found himself compelled to get out a new canvas and chalk in the sulky little girl, while his eyes kept wandering to another face so often that he was soon brought to order by a protest from the dais.

"I'm going home," said Maggie, "right off, too. It isn't me you are picturing. I won't stay for you to make believe another minute. Anyway, I want to show mar and the baby my new things before you spoil 'em with so much chalk."

Maggie spoke the truth. She was wild to get home, and Maud, very much disappointed and half-provoked, took the child away.

She had scarcely gone when old Mr. Ingersoll knocked at the studio-door. White led him at once to the picture, and eagerly watched his face as he examined it—watched with close attention, for he knew that it was the opinion of a judge that would be given.

The old man's eyes brightened and kindled as he gazed. The expression was so decided that White felt a triumphant glow come over him before a word was spoken.

"It is her likeness. It is a work of art that you may well be proud of my young friend," he said at length, holding out his hand.

"Will you accept it then? It was for you I painted it."

The old man shook his head.

"Some day, when I have a place to put it in," he said, with gentle sadness.

The young artist hesitated. His color went and came. He covered the picture without knowing it, and then tore the veil off again.

"You will not accept my poor shadow, while I—I am about to ask you for the young lady herself. Oh, Mr. Ingersoll! if you only could guess how I love her, how completely every hope of my life is bound up in hers, you would not refuse her to me."

"You love her—the child?"

"Nay, sir, does this fair creature look like a child?" said the artist, pointing to his picture.

"You love her—my Maud?"

"Better than my own life, Mr. Ingersoll."

"And she, Maud herself. Does she know this?"

The young man bent his eyes to the floor, and faltered.

"I—I could not conceal it from her."

"And she?"

"Oh, sir, Maud forgives me."

"That is, my grandchild loves you!"

"I think—I hope so."

The old man dropped slowly into a chair, evidently stunned by what he had heard. Thus, minute after minute he sat in silence. Then the young man approached him.

"Have I offended you, sir?"

"Offended me? No, young man; but I must have time to think——"

"I do not ask for her now, only permission to love her, and to claim her when I have earned the right."

The old man drew a deep breath, like a condemned man reprieved for a short time. He simply held out his hand, and absolutely clung to that of the artist for support as he arose from his chair.

"At another time—at another time. I cannot talk of these things now," he said, and left the room, almost staggering as he walked.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITTLE GERTIE'S PRAYER.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

Mamma was staying at home one day,
So Gertie sat in the pew alone,
And listened to sermon and song of praise,
And very still was the little one.

Papa looked solemn, and wise, and good,
As the words of the Holy Book he read;
But the hymn was long, and the text was hard,
And both passed over the little head.

"Was my little daughter good at church?
Did she look at papa and quiet keep?"
"Oh, yes!" she answered, "I sat so still,
I almost think that I went to sleep."

"I forgot to put my hand to my face,
At the outside prayer," she simply said,
"But, ma, I remembered the other one,
And covered my eyes, and bowed my head."

Oh, darling child! there is many a one
Whose steps are slow, and whose locks are gray,
Whose eyes are dim with the rain of years,
That never bow down, in faith, to pray.

There is many a one in manhood's prime,
And many a one called brave and fair,
Whose heart is mute, and whose lips are dumb,
In the holy time of praise and prayer.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give this month a lot of patterns for infants' wardrobe; first, a christening-robe, made of the finest nainsook or linen lawn. The fullness is disposed in box-plaits into a yoke, either low or high-necked, as may be preferred. The high-necked, long-sleeved dresses are now generally preferred for babies' dresses in this climate. In our design, the pieces which are ornamented

with the pattern, in braiding, are set on, being made of very fine linen, shaped, braided, and then stitched on to the lawn or nainsook, as seen in the engraving. Then the plaits are laid at the top, and the lower ones are simply folded by the iron when the dress is done up. The braiding is continued all round the bottom of the skirt, and a narrow ruffle, edged with Valenciennes is put on to stand up, as may be seen. The yoke is of linen, braided to match, and edged with Valencien. Strings of the lawn are braided, and tie at the waist in the back.

Next we give a flannel skirt, braided with

fine, white silk braid. This skirt has a waist adjusted to it, pointed at both ends, and with a long slit made near the arm-hole, through which one end passes and ties at the back with fine linen tape-strings. The shoulder-straps for infants' skirts, made in this manner, do away with the necessity for pins, which are always undesirable in making a baby's toilet.

Next we give a skirt-body, made of fine linen double, with shoulder-straps buttoning in front and with buttons around the waist, tied at

the back with soft linen tape-strongs; to this the over-skirt is buttoned, allowing the child's skirts to be removed without undressing.

The patterns for "bibs," one in flannel pique,

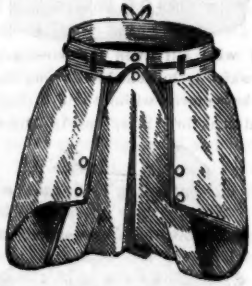
braided, and with the edge done in button-hole stitch; the other made of fine mull, and quilted

over a half sheet of wadding, backed with linen

edged with Hamburg embroidery. Either of these "bibs" are desirable for teething children.

Next we give a very pretty pattern for the linen under-skirt still in use, though not so

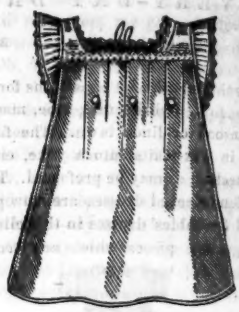
generally as it used to be, and the indispensable "napkin-cover" for the child as soon as it is put into short dresses. It should be made of



the finest cotton flannel for winter, and of cambric for summer wear; and nothing less than a half dozen should be provided.

We also give two pretty designs for the useful apron-slip so much worn by all children from

one year to four or five. Like the dresses, the yokes may be made high in the neck, and the sleeves long; but, in our Southern States, nothing could be more desirable than these low-necked,

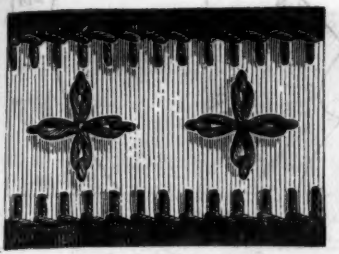


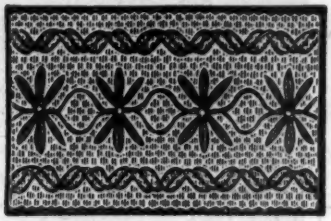
almost sleeveless slips; and they are a good substitute for dresses in hot climates, made of linen lawn or nainsook, and of brown Holland for morning wear.

A novelty in the way of a water-proof cloak for a young lady completes our list for this month. It is made of navy-blue water-proof cloaking, cut in a long, loose sacque, long enough to admit of belting in at the waist. The sleeves are large coat-sleeves, with a cuff turned back, ornamented with two buttons. The sacque buttons all down the front, of course. The cape is cut in the circular shape, bound with alpaca

braid, and the piece on the back is of black cloth, also bound and set on with six buttons, and simulated button-holes; very stylish, and an improvement upon the hood which we have had for so long a time. Three and a half to four yards of cloaking, three dozen buttons, quarter of a yard of black cloth or cashmere for the cuffs, pockets, and back-piece will be required.

BORDER IN DARNED NET, AND IN EMBROIDERY.

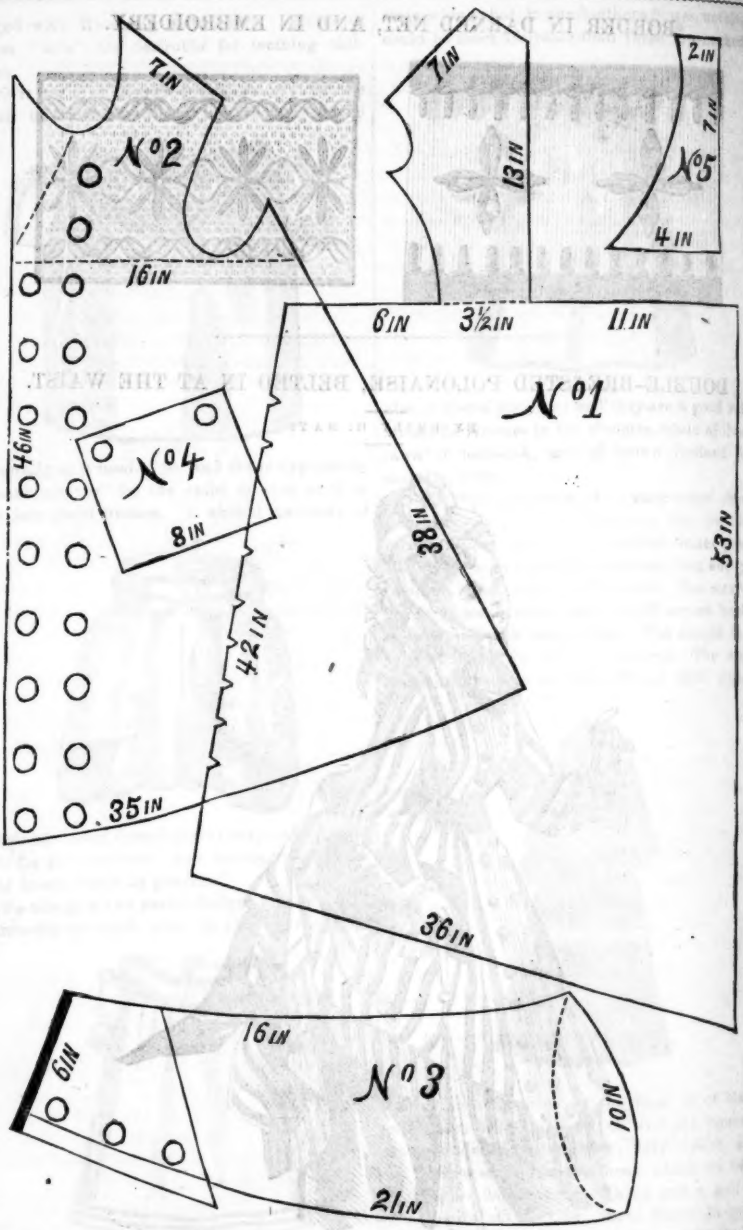




DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE, BELTED IN AT THE WAIST.

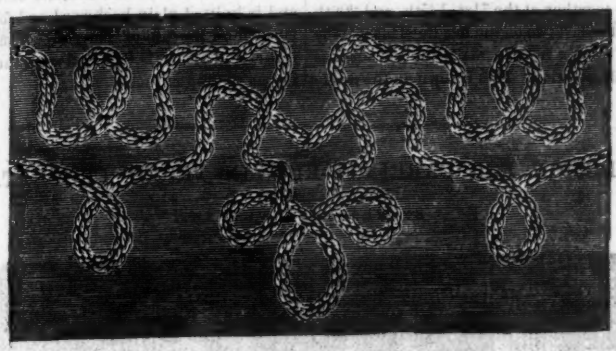
BY EMILY H. MAY.

In presenting this beautiful design to our fair readers we also, as usual, on the next page, give a diagram, which will enable them to cut it out and make it themselves.



No. 1. Half of Back.
No. 2. Half of Front.
No. 3. Sleeve and Cuff.
No. 4. Pocket.
No. 5. Collar.
The dotted line shows the collar turned back.

DESIGN IN CHAIN-STITCH EMBROIDERY.



CHILD'S JACKET AND BORDER.

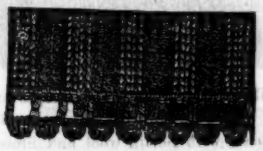
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials: Six ounces Lady Betty wool, medium-size bone crochet-hook, knitting-needles, No. 14, Bell guage.

Make a chain of 200 stitches; join round.

1st Row: Double crochet. The next 56 rows are of Gobeline crochet, that is, put the hook under both the horizontal threads of the stitch.

Divide the skirt in half, leaving 12 stitches on



each side for arm-hole. Take a knitting-needle, and pick up the stitch from arm-holes, front side.

1st Row; Knit 3, purl 3 backward and forward for 24 rows, decreasing one at the commencement of each row. This decrease is made by knitting or purling two together, as the rule may be. The back is knitted the same as front.

For the shoulder-straps, cast on 63 stitches. Knit these in ribs for 24 rows, decreasing one at the commencement of each row. These are sewn to the front and back, as shown in the illustration. For the sleeve, make a chain of 60 stitches; join round, work 20 rows of Gobeline crochet without increasing; in the 21st row and five succeeding ones, increase one by putting the hook twice in the same stitch. This forms the shape of top of sleeve. Take four needles and pick up first row of sleeve; rib the same as top for 22 rows. This forms the cuff. The whole edge of jacket is worked with one row of double crochet. The edging is worked with two rows.

1st Row: Two chain, one treble in the center stitch of each rib. 2nd Row: Five chain, one single into the first chain, one double in the treble of last row. This forms a picot edge. A ribbon, half-inch wide, is run through. Cast on

270 stitches, knit plain backward and forward, taking two together at the 71st, 135th, and 206th stitch, and the last two on the needle This is done on each of the six rows to make the corners, as seen in the illustration. This is sewn on the neck-band. The sleeve-band consists of 60 stitches and is knitted plain backward and forward, and is sewn on the top of the cuff. The bottom of jacket and sleeve is trimmed with the same edging as the top of jacket.

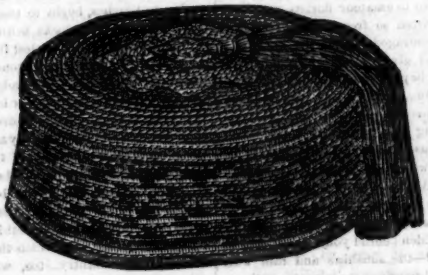
DESIGN FOR CARRIAGE-RUG, IN TRICOT CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

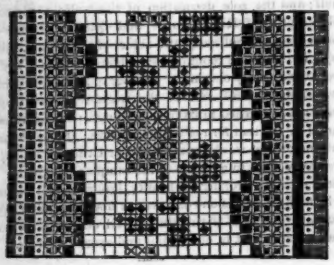
This kind of cover is suitable for cradles or basket-carriages, for covering a baby, or for a chaise-lounge. The foundation consists of broad and narrow stripes, which are crocheted lengthwise in Victoria stitch, and joined together by a row of slip stitches. The broad stripes are alternately of green and red wool, and consist of thirty-one rows worked backward and forward; the narrow one, which are worked entirely with black wool, have only fifteen rows. According to the illustration, the broad stripes are ornamented with a design worked in cross-stitch and point-russe, with Berlin wool and filoselle, in a variety of bright colors; the narrow stripes have a Greek border, also worked in cross-stitch, with maize filoselle. Round the edge a fringe is made about four inches long of tufts of Berlin wool in various colors, corresponding to those of the cover. Instead of Turkish colors this cover can be worked in two shades of the same color.

SMOKING-CAP, WITH BORDER AND CROWN IN CROCHET.

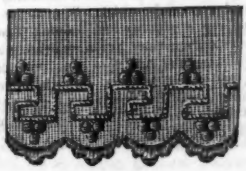
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The cap is worked over fine white cord, about the size of ordinary whip-cord, in double crochet, with purse-silk and steel hook. When you have worked the crown a sufficient size to fit the head, work another row, and draw up the cord. This forms the edge of the crown. For an ordinary size, the crown of the cap should be seven inches in diameter, and the depth of the border three inches. If a larger size is needed, the increase can be made by working more rows of the ground color. The cap is lined with silk, and finished with a handsome tassel. For colors, use black, green, maize, white, which are most effective.



EMBROIDERED EDGING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

TOWN GARDENING.—Now that the fall has come to nip the buds for this season—one word to amateur florists and horticulturalists. We have written so frequently advice for them in this department, encouraged so heartily the taste for this gentlest of arts, and given so faithfully practical directions which we knew to be practicable, that we feel entitled to add a word of warning, especially to city readers, drawn from a long experience of defeat. Nothing is as tempting, or as disappointing as a garden in town. You move, perhaps, from one house encircled with brick pavements, to another, behind which lies a patch of ground. Behold your opportunity! All the bits of Paradise owned by your friends rise before you; you will put them all to shame. The land is as a desolate wilderness before you, but it shall be as the garden of Eden behind you. What can be easier? There is the ground—the sunshine and rain wait overhead. A few dollars will purchase seeds, roots, cuttings, and everybody is ready with advice. The florists' books open a bewildering array of beauty for your choice. You choose discreetly those plants marked, "of easy culture." You give the culture: where the ease lies you cannot discover; certainly not in your aching back, or anxious brain. You arm yourself with pruning-hooks, and knives, and patent floral tools; you heap on the fertilizers, grow learned in the matter of loam, sand, wood, earth; you weed, dig, hoe, and then you leave the matter to beneficent Nature, while you attend to more important affairs. Whereupon, July finds your rhododendron-bed a collection of dry sticks, your verbenas yellow, straggling stalks, your costly roses devoured by one of the innumerable worms furnished by beneficent Nature for that purpose. There are docks in your grass, thistles in your ferns, and dandelions everywhere; curculios, caterpillars, bugs, strip the green leaves out of sight, and moles destroy your precious bulbs. Meanwhile your neighbor's garden blooms in exquisite neatness, and an *abandon* of color. The reason is your neighbor either employs a gardener, or sets apart a portion of every day absolutely for her flowers. Nobody need hope to succeed with an ornate garden in a city, who cannot devote to it either money or time. Both ground and atmosphere are utterly different from the succulent soil and untainted air of the country and country towns. Even after the most skillful care, you will be chagrined to find the rose, which you had with difficulty coaxed to a height of two or three feet, covering some farm-stable to the very roof with its luxuriant beauty, unheeded and unvalued. Foreign, half-hardy plants, which the beginner in gardening is most apt to choose, require as constant watchfulness of their individual traits and humoring of their idiosyncracies as children; and the mother who has the growth of her human plants to care for, should not attempt their culture unless she would earn a sure disappointment.

Let her devote the "patch of ground" to the hardy herbaceous plants and perennials, which will grow on from year to year, while she is pruning and training Tom and Mary. A tree or two, grape-vines, the innumerable hardy roses, the honeysuckles, the American ivy, the crimson trumpet creeper, will cover brick walls and bare ground with color and perfume, and give her at last, if not a "bit of Paradise," an old-fashioned garden. No better back-ground for their memories of childhood could be given to her little ones.

HOME WORK FOR OCTOBER.—With the first cool nights the crowds of city people, chased by heat and disease out of dusty streets and rows of baking houses into mountain glens or gusty sea-beaches, begin to troop back, we can fancy with how many lingering looks behind. The dust begins to be cleared away from the modest little house-front in the suburb, and from the stately stone door-ways in fashionable quarters. Home is to be made ready in both houses for winter. The rich connoisseur in art brings back some treasure from Paris or Vienna to decorate the one, and the little shop-girl, bright-eyed and rosy after her brief holiday among the hills, dresses the parlor of the other with rare lichens and ferns, stopping to put a bit of gray moss under the blue ribbon of her hair. But with both there is the same sense of coming in-doors again; the same quickened desire to bring into their homes something of the wider beauty of nature and of art with which they have made friends outside. In the country, too, where householders are not driven from under their own roofs by the inhospitable summer, fall is the season for not only cleaning, but for the altering and beautifying of the house for winter. Now are the parlors repapered, and the new curtains hung. With every year, too, there is developed among the people a higher taste and wider knowledge to apply to these ends. A few weeks ago we happened to see the state "keeping-room" of a well-to-do farmer, furnished precisely as it had been sixty years ago. Circular mats of glaring-colored rags, braided together, fitted the floor; on the corner cupboard, which still fitted the angle of the wall, stood a stuffed parrot; vases of wax-fruit, the like of which never grew, were on the mantle-shelf; and the sole decoration of the walls, a gorgeously-colored print of King George and Queen Caroline—their clothes the evident *motif* and object of the picture. Now-a-days, in the living room of such a house, we would find most probably a pretty chromo or photograph of a fine painting, or a plaster cast of some of the world-renowned shapes of beauty, bequeathed to us from past ages; in the vases, too, would be the real fern or autumn-leaves. It may be that the chromo or cast would cause a real artist to shiver; but they are many steps in advance of the sampler and parrot. This general, eager groping for beauty, ignorant, as it necessarily is in many cases, is one of the most hopeful signs of our civilization; and now is the time, of all others in the year, to make it apparent in our homes and every-day lives.

THE GEMS OF ART has been so popular, this year, as a premium, that we shall continue it for next year. It consists, as we have already said, of twenty-five of the best steel-engravings that have appeared in this magazine. We will send it, in place of the premium picture, "Not Lost, But Gone Before," if preferred. Many ladies wrote to us, last year, that if they had known of it in time, they would have taken it for their premium instead of the mezzotint. They will now have a chance to secure it.

MORE FOR THE MONEY can be had in "Peterson" than in any other ladies' magazine. On this point the newspaper press is unanimous. "Peterson" is just the magazine for the times.

THE NOVELET of "Theo," as our fair readers are finding out, is the best Miss Hodgson has ever written, and altogether the best that has appeared in any periodical this year.

OUR PREMIUM MEZZOTINT FOR 1874, in the opinion of all who have seen it, is unequalled. The title is, "Not Lost, But Gone Before." It is best described by two quotations from Scripture. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." "In heaven *their angels do always behold* the face of My Father which is in heaven." No household will be complete without this touching and beautiful picture. By getting up a club for "Peterson," at our extremely low terms, you can secure this invaluable premium, which, at a retail store, would sell for five dollars. Understand, it is no cheap lithograph, but a first-class mezzotint. Begin, at once, to get up your clubs! Specimens of the magazine will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not soil your own copy.

TABLE-COVER, WITH ROMAN EMBROIDERY.—Half of one of the ends, and a small portion of the side-border, is given in the full size. This cover is particularly suitable for a boudoir-table. The cover may be of cloth, reps, or any suitable material. The border is of the *ecru* material, especially adapted to this work, and it is button-holed round the edge, and embroidered with silk of the same color. When the embroidery is finished, the *ecru* material is cut away outside the pattern, and furniture satin is placed under the back of the embroidery. An *ecru* linen-point braid is button-holed round the edge, and sewn over with long stitches, as shown in the design. A fringe, either *ecru*, or of the color of the satin, finishes the cover. The same design could be worked in nainsook muslin upon net, and would make a very beautiful antimacassar, the middle of which could be ornamented with any small pattern.

IT IS SAFEST, always, when remitting for a magazine or newspaper, to subscribe to the old established ones. Periodicals like "Peterson," that have been published for half a lifetime, involve no risk. But new enterprises, more than half the time end in disaster; and persons subscribing to them, lose their money as a consequence. Not one magazine out of a dozen that is started, succeeds; they live on for a few months, or years, and then die. It is only the long-established periodicals, in which tens of thousands of capital are invested, and whose circulation ensures stability as well as superiority, for which it is safe to subscribe in advance.

BE EARLY IN THE FIELD.—Now is the time to begin to get up clubs for 1874. You cannot commence too soon. Every year ladies write to us, that, if they had begun a little sooner, they could have had larger clubs. This is important, because the larger the club, the cheaper the magazine is to each subscriber. "Everybody prefers 'Peterson,' and says it is the cheapest and best," is what all tell us. If you start soon enough, you will have no difficulty in getting a club, or even several clubs, and so earning all the premiums. Ask your friends to compare "Peterson" with other magazines, and to observe how much better it is than those at the same price.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Young Lady's Friend. Edited and Revised by the author of "Unsettled Points of Etiquette. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—In republishing this excellent manual for young ladies, the new edition has done very good service to the rising generation, and one for which all parents will be grateful. Her part of the work is gracefully and pleasantly contributed, and the suggestions on good manners she offers to her readers will be found worthy of acceptance. Even a superficial reading of the volume by young ladies cannot fail to benefit them in morals, health, and manners, for it treats of all these things with serious consideration and singular good sense.

May. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—If they all were not so excellent in plot, characters, and execution, we would be tempted to say that this is the best of Mrs. Oliphant's novels. But even when most absorbed by the exquisite style, purity, and strength of May, we recollect "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Margaret Maitland," and other works of hers, and remember that we have always thought her last novel the best. This present one is a curious and attractive study of those subtle forces of the mind which direct the actions of men and women to certain ends. Pure and passionate in its delineations of the master passion, love; introducing characters so true and good as to prove that the author's knowledge of the better side of human nature is broad and deep; a plot that will not be unraveled before the proper moment, despite the closest search; and beautiful in its descriptions of nature, this story will have all the reading world for its admirer. Mrs. Oliphant possesses that rare secret of literary art, how to excite to the utmost the interest of her readers without the most distant resort to any power of sensation. "May" aptly illustrates her power in this particular, for it is only an every day story, such as any of us may be called upon at any time to take part in.

Work. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—The author of this strong, wholesome book, which is full of what Carlyle calls "the endless significance of work," modestly designates it "a story of experience." From cover to cover its moral purpose asserts itself, and while we are not sure that novels, considered purely as works of art, ought to have any such purpose, we can find no objection to it in "Work." How pleasantly and attractively Miss Alcott writes is known to almost every one, for the number of intelligent people who have not read "Little Women," and "Little Men," is a very small one. Neither of those volumes, however, had the deep, earnest tone of "Work," though no doubt each was a story of experience as this one is. Miss Alcott here is writing for every young girl and woman—striving to use the talents that God has put into her hand or brain. She tells, in the form of a novel, what one young girl did, how, and why, and where she failed; how, and why, and where she succeeded—and her novel is as a guide-book to other young girls, who would work if they but knew the way. We had been better pleased if the sweet love story of the book had ended happily, but the sterner purpose of the author forbade such a conclusion.

Wit and Wisdom of George Eliot. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This handsomely bound and printed volume of two hundred and fifty one pages, contains brief selections from the novels of George Eliot, made with taste and judgment. If this great novelist had written no more than is herein published, her fame would be only less than it now is, for she is an author who thinks profoundly and feels deeply. Out of her eventful experience have come these many wise deductions; and out of her exceptional intellectual strength and delicacy these words of exquisite wit.

I Go A-Fishing. By W. C. Prime. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Prime has, at various times, gone almost everywhere. He went boating in Egypt, tenting in the Holy Land, to the "Old House by the River," and in "Later Years" traveled about indiscriminately, and whenever he came home from one of his pleasant journeyings, he told us in the most attractive and absorbing manner all he had seen, heard, or learned. In "Going A-Fishing," he saw and heard a great deal, and this book recites it all. It is a good, chatty, lazy bit of scholarly gossip, making most charming reading.

Must it be? By Carl Detlef. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is a clever translation from the German of a very clever story, full of all manner of German philosophy, often inexpressibly sad, but ending happily for hero and heroine, and not so happily for those attempted to destroy their future. The book is very admirably illustrated.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

BOOKS BY THE BEST AUTHORS! IN SETS!—A set of each of the following works should be placed in every Library, and be found in every family in the land. They are published this day, and are for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia:

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH'S WORKS.—Complete in 35 volumes, bound in morocco cloth, full gilt back, price $1.75 each; or $61.25 a set, each set in a neat box.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS' WORKS. Complete in 20 volumes, bound in morocco cloth, full gilt back, price $1.75 each; or $35.00 a set, each set in a neat box.

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MISS ELIZA A. DUPUY'S WORKS. Complete in nine volumes, bound in morocco cloth, from new designs, full gilt back, price $1.75 each; or $15.75 a set, each set in a neat box.

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Sets of any of the above Works will be sent to any one, at once, to any place in the United States, free of expense for freight or postage, on remitting the price of the set or sets of books wished, to the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS.—Mr. J. H. Johnston's advertisement, 179 Smithfield street, Pittsburgh, Penn., has been published in this magazine during the past year. An annoying error has appeared in his advertisement in the price of Double Shot Guns. The minimum price of these goods should have been published at $8, instead of $3. We thus take this method of correcting the mistake.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. IX.—TEETHING—*Concluded.*

When children are cutting teeth, they should have the benefit of pure air, and more especially should this be attended to when fever occurs as the result of irritation from this cause. The room should be well ventilated, bed-curtains dispensed with, and the covering of the child, when confined to its couch, should be as light as is consistent with moderate warmth merely. Children who have passed through the more alarming stages of dentition, or some disease during this period, are frequently met with, who still seem to waste, to lose strength, and manifest great disinclination to take food. In these cases it becomes a nice question to determine whether purgative medicine should be administered. This point can safely be determined by distending the lips, and, though the tongue may appear clean, if the cavity of the mouth is found lined with adhesive, thick saliva, presenting the appearance of a gummy exudation, laxatives are clearly indicated.

In such cases rhubarb and magnesia (Husband's) can be advantageously administered, and the child will soon be more disposed to partake of nourishment. In the next place, where the tongue is clean, there is no medicine comparable with the aromatic sulphuric acid, in small doses, twice a day, to remove the debility, or restore the strength, and hasten convalescence.

Eczema, or clusters of vesicles, with burning heat, and porrigo, or scald-head, attended with or without enlargement of the submaxillary glands, (swelling beneath the under jaw,) often arise during dentition, and are obstinate affections. Attention to the gums, an occasional dose of rhubarb and magnesia, elder ointment, or dilute citrine ointment, will soon remove the cutaneous eruption; and an emetic of ipecac, at least twice a week, will generally soon cause an absorption of the glandular difficulty. Sometimes a little of the ointment of iodide of potassium is required to be rubbed around the swellings; and in cases of debility, it is well to administer the elixir of vitriol, or compound syrup of phosphates.

Very much more should be said in reference to the sympathies of dentition, to do the subject full justice; but these hints must suffice, with the addition of a few words in reference to a prejudice existing in the minds of some mothers against scarifying the gums. A popular error is, that if the cut gum heals before the tooth advances through it, a hard cicatrix is formed over it, which adds greater difficulty to subsequent protrusion. This is a fallacy, as the anatomy of the parts and daily experience declare; for the gums are of a spongy nature, very unlike muscular fibre, being soft and plentifully supplied with blood-vessels; and it matters not how often the lance is used, no increased hardness is ever observed. The other popular notion, that the gums should never be lanced until the teeth are near the surface, is equally fallacious, since the necessity and urgency of the operation are frequently as imperative when the teeth are deep-seated, because the capsules in which the teeth are inclosed become congested with blood, producing pressure on delicate nerves in contact with the advancing teeth, and thus occasioning the most severe pain. The free flow of dark, grumous blood, with the great relief afforded by it, is sufficient argument in favor of the remedy.

I have never known any injurious effects to arise from lancing the gums, but the cases are numerous, indeed, in which the most fatal consequences have resulted from neglect of this safe and simple act. Nay, it is sometimes necessary to scarify the gums when the points of the teeth, especially the canine and some of the molars, appear through the gum; for these sharp points become very broad toward the base, and the spaces in which the eye-teeth appear are often contracted by the teeth on either side, and they are, in consequence, cut with much more pain and difficulty.

Squinting, convulsions, water on the brain, and various spasmodic affections, and even the sudden loss of the power of walking, are among the serious products of a neglect of a timely free incision of the gums.

STAINING FLOORS.

New city houses, and a great many country houses also, even of not large cost, are most frequently built with hard wood floors; and now that October has come, and the question of getting new carpets is a serious one, we give receipts

for staining floors, so that they will resemble closely the best hard wood. For sitting-rooms, libraries, and bath-rooms halls, and stair-ways, they are especially attractive.

To stain wood red, take two ounces of Brasil-wood, and two ounces of potash; mix them with a quart of water, and let the composition stand in a warm place for several days, stirring it occasionally; with this liquor, made boiling hot, brush over the wood, till the desired depth of color is obtained; then with another brush, brush over the wood, while yet wet, with a solution of alum, in the proportion of two ounces of alum to one quart of water.

For a pink or rose red, use double the quantity of potash.

For a less bright red, dissolve an ounce of dragon's blood in a pint of spirits of wine, and brush over the wood with the tincture, till the stain appear to be as strong as is desired; but this is, in fact, rather lacquering than staining.

For a pink or rose red, add to a gallon of the above infusion of Brasil-wood two additional ounces of the pearl-ashes; the red may be rendered yet paler, but it is proper, when more than this quantity is added, to make the alum-water stronger.

To stain wood black, brush the wood several times with a decoction of logwood, then several times with common ink.

To make a very fine black, brush over the wood with a solution of copper in nitric acid as for blue, and afterward with logwood, till all the greenness of the copper solution is gone.

To stain wood yellow, infuse an ounce of turmeric in a pint of spirits of wine, and let the mixture stand for several days, closely covered, shaking it occasionally. Brush this infusion over the wood. A reddish yellow may be given to the color by the addition of a little gum tragacanth. Diluted nitric acid will produce a similar color.

SLEEPING APARTMENTS.

"It must not be forgotten," remarks Hufeland, "that we spend a considerable portion of our lives in the bed-chamber, and consequently that its healthiness or unhealthiness, cannot fail of having a very important influence upon our physical well-being."

Every one, in fact, who is actuated by a due regard for his health and real comfort, will consider an equal degree of attention necessary in regard to the size, situation, temperature, and cleanliness of the room he occupies during the hours of repose, as of his parlor, drawing-room, or any other apartment; and yet how often do we find families crowded at night into obscure and confined chambers, of dimensions scarcely more ample than those of an old-fashioned closet, while, perhaps, in most instances, the best rooms in the house will be set aside for the sole purpose of ostentatious display.

It is all important that the largest and most lofty room, upon the second floor, be appropriated for the sleeping apartment, and that it be freely ventilated, during the day-time, at all seasons, when the weather is not rainy, or otherwise very humid. There are few houses, the rooms of which are so situated as to render the latter impracticable, and the influence of the practice upon the health of the inmates is too important to permit its being neglected from any slight cause.

A bed-chamber should be divested of all unnecessary furniture, and unless of considerable size, should never contain more than one bed. There cannot be a more pernicious custom, than that pursued in many families, of causing the children, more especially, to sleep in small apartments, with two or three beds crowded into the same room.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that cleanliness, in the most extensive signification of the term, is, if possible, even more necessary, in reference to the bed-chamber, than to almost any other apartment.

FRECKLES.

The September days are the harvest time of the summer's sowing of freckles. They are either natural, or proceed accidentally from jaundice, or the action of the sun upon the part. Heat, or a sudden change of the weather, will often cause the skin to appear of a darker color than natural, and thereby produce what is called *tan*, *sunburn*, etc., which seem to differ only in degree, and usually disappear in winter. Persons of a fine complexion, and those whose hair is red, are the most subject to freckles, especially in those parts which they expose to the air.

The origin of freckles has been thus explained: in the spring, the skin, from the warm covering which the body has had in winter, and from various other causes, is peculiarly sensitive. The heat of the sunbeams now draws out drops of moisture, which do not dry as rapidly as in summer. These drops operate like a convex glass, to concentrate the rays, which are thus made to act powerfully on the *reis Malpighii*, and the carbon which it contains is half acidified, and this substance, in this state, always has a dark color. In the same manner arises the dark tint which the skin in general assumes in summer, and which fire communicates to artisans who labor constantly in its immediate vicinity. The only bad effect of freckles is, that they induce ladies to keep themselves shut up from the influence of the weather, or to apply injurious washes to the face to remove them.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Soup with Poached Eggs.—Poach some eggs (one for each person, and one over) in salted water, with a little vinegar, some peppercorns, and a few leaves of parsley, in a shallow pan, just long enough to set the yolks slightly; take out each egg with a slice, brush it clean with a paste brush, and cut it with a round, fluted paste-cutter, about two inches in diameter, so as to get all the eggs a uniform shape, and leave neither too much nor too little white round them. Turn the egg over carefully, brush it clean, and lay it in the soup tureen, ready filled with boiling hot, clear, jelly-broth. The water in which the eggs are poached should be kept at boiling point, but never boil. Some leaves, or very small sprigs of chervil, may be served in the soup.

Julienne Soup.—Cut some carrots, turnips, leeks, onions, and celery into shreds; boil the leeks and celery in salted water until quite done. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a stew-pan; place it on the fire, when melted, throw in the carrot and turnip, stir it over the fire five minutes, then throw in the onions; fry all together until it begins to color; stir the whole time; drain the butter, and put in about a gill of clear stock; let it boil quickly until reduced to a glaze, then add as much clear stock as you require soup; let it boil ten minutes very gently, skim off the fat, throw in the leeks and celery, a few leaves of tarragon, and a little more salt to taste, add a small piece of white sugar; let it come to the boil, and serve.

Soup from Calf's Feet.—Take four feet, clean them nicely, and put them on to boil with rather more water than to cover them. Add to this three onions, sliced, three turnips, cut in quarters, three carrots, sliced, a bunch of parsley, the green top of a head of celery, chopped fine, with salt and pepper to the taste. While boiling, remove all the fat and scum. If the water boils away too much, add a little more. Just before serving, roll a piece of butter in some flour and stir it in.

MEATS.

Beef-steak and Kidney-Pudding.—Take two pounds of rump-steak, two kidneys, seasoning to taste with salt and black pepper; suet crust made with milk, in the proportion of six ounces of suet to each pound of flour. Procure some tender rump-steak, that which has been hung a little time, and divide it into pieces about an inch square, and cut each kidney into eight pieces. Line the dish with crust made with suet and flour in the above proportion, leaving a small piece of crust to overlap the edges. Then cover the bottom with a portion of the steak, and a few pieces of kidney; season with salt and pepper, and then add another layer of steak, kidney, and seasoning. Proceed in this manner till the dish is full, when pour in sufficient water to come within two inches of the top of the basin. Moisten the edges of the crust, cover the pudding over, press two crusts together, that the gravy may not escape, and turn up the overhanging paste. Wring out a cloth in hot water, flour it, and tie up the pudding; put it into boiling water, and let it boil for at least four hours. If the water diminishes, always replenish, as the pudding should be kept covered all the time, and not allowed to stop boiling. When the cloth is removed, cut out a round piece in the top of the crust, to prevent the pudding bursting, and send it to table in the basin, either in an ornamental dish, or with a napkin pinned round it. Serve quickly. For a pudding with two pounds of steak and two kidneys, allow four hours.

Beef Cooked in a French Manner.—Procure five pounds of beef, and three-quarters of a pound of fat bacon; cut the latter into strips, and roll each strip separately in a seasoning of parsley and pepper, and then lard the beef thickly over with them. Place some veal-bones at the bottom of an earthenware-pan, which has a cover to it; tie the larded beef round with a fillet, and place it upon the bones. Then pour over it, very slowly, two tablespoonfuls of rum, taking care that the rum sinks gradually into the beef. Place a thin slice of bacon at the top; then wash and cut up the following vegetables: a few carrots, an onion, half a turnip, and one head of celery. Put these into the pan, together with three bay leaves, some peppercorns, and a bunch of sweet herbs, tied up in a muslin bag, and pour over the whole a large cupful of stock. Cover the pan, and, to prevent the aroma from escaping, paste a strip of paper round where the lid joins. Bake in a moderate oven for four hours; garnish when cold with jelly, and with the vegetables which have been stewed with the meat.

To Roast Ducks.—Be careful to clear the skin entirely from the stumps of the feathers; take off the heads and necks, but leave the feet on, and hold them for a few minutes in boiling water to loosen the skin, which must be peeled off. Wash the insides of the birds by pouring water through them. Put into the bodies a seasoning of boiled onions, mixed with minced sage, salt, pepper, and a slice of butter. Cut off the pinions, at the first joint, from the bodies, truss the feet behind the backs, and roast the birds at a brisk fire, but do not place sufficiently near to be scorched; baste them constantly, and when the breasts are well plumped, and the steam from them draws toward the fire, dish, and serve them quickly, with a little good brown gravy poured round them, and some in a tureen. Young ducks should be roasted half an hour; full-size, from three-quarters to one hour.

Barbooch-e.—Shred some onions very fine, and fry them in butter of a nice brown. Mince some cold, boiled beef very fine, add to it a tablespoonful of curry-powder, and mix with the onions and sufficient good stock to make it about the consistence of thick bread-sauce. Put all together in a sauce-pan, and let it simmer gently for ten or fifteen minutes. Fill some small pudding-cups with the mixture, grating some fine bread-crumbs over the top of each; set them in the oven, and let them remain a quarter of an hour.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Eggs for Hatching.—To all more or less experienced chicken-rearers, a few practical suggestions on hatching should be far from inappropriate. As regards eggs, after an experience of twenty years, we confess our utter inability to tell what sort of egg contains a cock or hen chicken, and, after comparing notes with the most intelligent and trustworthy breeders, we believe no mark or shape of egg can determine the much-desired information. For fortunate hatching, nevertheless, the egg must be picked. A thin-shelled egg is almost certain to be broken, and so spoil a whole nest. An unusually long egg, if of ordinary thickness or a little more, has, in all probability, a double yolk, and will produce, in most cases, nothing, and, if anything, a monster, probably. A shorter egg than usual is also to be discarded, and so should one laid upward of ten or twelve days, if strong, lively ones are wanted. Eggs one month old will hatch, but the produce are nearly always of feeble constitution. The shape will depend much on the particular breed; but, compared with the standard of its own class, the oval, neither too long nor too short, is best for hatching. There is no need, as some have supposed, of turning those preserved for that purpose every day. But, in cold weather, gather them from the nests twice or even thrice a day, and do not expose them to the air when gathered, and store them with the narrow end downward.

Household Hints.—Keep your meat in a dry, cool place, your fish on ice, and your vegetables on a stone floor free from air. Cut your soap when it comes in, and let it dry slowly. Keep your sweet herbs in paper bags, each bag containing only one description of herb. They should be dried in the wind, and not in the sun; and when ordered in a receipt should be cautiously used, as a preponderance in any seasoning spoils it. When oranges or lemons are used for juice, chop down the peel, put it in small pots, and tie them down for use. Apples should be kept on dry straw, in a dry place, and pears hung up by the stalk.

To Clean a Silk Dress.—Take one quarter of a pound of honey, one quarter of a pound of soft soap (buy the latter at a chemist's,) and a gill of gin or spirits of wine. Add to this two quarts of boiling soft water, and let it stand all night. With the mixture scrub the silk on a clean deal table with a small hard brush, putting each piece as it is cleaned through water three times, twice through soft water, and then through hard. Hang the pieces up somewhere to drain, and iron it while still wet, laying over it a fold of muslin to prevent the iron (which iron must be hot) from coming in contact with the silk.

Nourishment of Plants.—In respect to nourishment, plants differ from animals. In the latter, fullness of feeding advances productivity; but in plants, where they receive abundant nourishment, their flowers and fruit are long in appearing; but when the nourishment is feeble, and the vegetable languishes, its reproductive powers act with rapidity. The less nourishment it receives, the more ready it is to reproduce.

To Wash White Alpaca and Mohair Garibaldis.—Boiled white soap and lukewarm water must be used, (hot water will make the material yellow at once,) and after the alpaca has been washed in this, and the soap thoroughly removed by rinsing in cold water, it must pass through water with a very little blue in it, and afterward ironed while damp with a handkerchief or linen cloth over it.

To Remove Grease from Silk.—Mix fuller's-earth into a paste with water, and put it upon the spots. Rub it off when dry. The grease will be removed without injury to the silk.

Starch for Fine Muslin.—Isinglass is a very delicate starch for fine muslin, also rice. Some add a very little fine salt to starch.

Cleaning Black Lace.—Sponge the lace carefully with gin, or, if preferred, with green tea, and wind it round a bottle to dry, as if touched with an iron it would become glossy and have a flattened appearance. It must not be put near the fire, as it would lose its color, and look rusty.

To Restore Linen that has Long been Stained.—Rub the stains on each side with wet, brown soap. Mix some starch to a thick paste with cold water, and spread it over the soaped places. Then expose the linen to the sun and air; and if the stains have not disappeared in three or four days rub off the mixture, and repeat the process with fresh soap and starch. Afterward dry it, wet it with cold water, and put it in the wash.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF TWO SHADES OF BLUE SILK.—The skirt has points of light blue, laid on plain, with a bias band of the lighter color as a heading, surmounted by a larger point of the darker shade, edged with the lighter. The upper-skirt is pointed, and edged with the light. The basque is cut in deep points, both front and back, with a plain binding of light. Coat-sleeves, ruffled at the hand. Bonnet made of two shades of velvet. Straw-colored gloves.

FIG. II.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—The skirt is quite plain, and the waist is round, worn with a belt and buckle. The velvet mantelet is drawn in at the waist, which forms a sleeve, trimmed in the back with two lace flounces, and headed by a satin band. The fronts are edged with narrow lace, which is carried around the neck.

FIG. III.—DINNER-DRESS OF MAROON SILK, trimmed with three bias pieces of velvet of the same shade, six inches wide at the edge of the skirt, narrowing toward the waist, and extending over the shoulders, and edged with a box-plaiting of silk. Coat-sleeves, with trimming to match the skirt.

FIG. IV.—MORNING-DRESS OF WHITE CASHMERE, MADE WITH A WATTEAU PLAIT IN THE BACK.—The skirt is trimmed in front with a ruffle of cashmere, which extends from the edge to the neck, headed by a quilting of purple silk or ribbon. Very wide sleeves, with coat sleeves underneath, trimmed in the same way.

FIG V.—VISITING-DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—The skirt and waist are plain; the mantelet is the same shade as in Fig. 2. Bonnet of black velvet, with green feather.

FIG. VI.—SUIT FOR A GIRL OF SIX YEARS.—The skirt is dark-green velveteen; the Polonaise is made of gray cloth, edged with Grebe fur. Brown felt hat, with velvet band and wing.

GENERAL REMARKS.—During the present month there will be very few novelties to chronicle. Never do I remember fashion so independent; it is varied to an unprecedented extent; the selection of styles is so great as to be confusing. The fronts of costumes may be plain or covered with flounces and bows, the train opening to show off the ornaments. Polonaises and bodices with basques and tunics are both equally fashionable. The Polonaise is considered the more *negligé*, and the more suitable for day and in-door wear. When the skirt is trained, then the Polonaise is no longer worn, except it differs in material from the skirt.

FOR TRAVELING COSTUMES, alpaca has come into great favor. Steel-gray is a favorite color, and it is usually trimmed either with black velvet, or with faille to match the material. These alpaca costumes are almost invariably made with a silk waistcoat, and often with a white pique one likewise, the latter being trimmed with a narrow quilling of muslin, festooned at the edge. These waistcoats make a convenient change when traveling, as they afford variety without adding considerably to the luggage.

SASHES are always worn with white muslin dresses, whether they have high or low bodices; and, indeed, ribbons are now arranged in the most fantastic manner in front, at the back, at the side, on one shoulder, and on both shoulders; and they are manufactured in every imaginable variety. They are of all widths, too, and seem to have no wrong side. Some are watered on one side and satin on the other; half moire and half faille; or half faille and half gauze. Another variety is thick, with fine satin stripes that look like streaks of lightning traversing the color. Ribbons are also made of two shades, and worn on dresses of the same tints—dark-violet or dark-blue on one side, and light-violet or light blue on the other, of two different colors to suspend a locket or cross from the neck, black on one side, and the color of the dress on the other—that is gray, blue, or green; in fact, French ingenuity appears to have devoted itself specially to ribbons and laces this year.

Now that lace jackets and mantles are re-appearing, it is amusing to note how many half-square lace shawls have been converted into mantelets and tunics. The simplest plan to make a fashionable fichu with a "lace point," as it is technically termed, is to take it with both hands in the center of the back, and gather it up until it is the size of a large fichu; then put it over the bodice, cross the ends in front, and cross them carelessly at the back, either at the waist or lower down, on the skirt, if the point is large enough. The plaits are fastened at the top of the back of the neck, under a watered ribbon bow with long ends. It is a transformation which answers in a way, but is, of course, not so satisfactory as a real fichu.

There are a thousand novelties in *lingerie* to record, but I will only here enumerate those most generally adopted. Tulle fraises, mounted under white plaitings of either pink or blue silk, are now universally worn on black dresses; neck-tye of China crepe and Valenciennes lace, collars and sleeves of sailor-blue linen, edged with narrow Valenciennes; bodices of blue linen, braded with fine white braid, and trimmed with Irish guipure; Louis XIII. bodices, all of guipure, copied from old patterns; under-sleeves and fraises, also guipure, are all in vogue. These guipure bodices are sometimes lined with colored silk, and prove very effective.

The fashions in ornaments are undergoing quite a revolution, as very few earrings and lockets are now worn by our *elegantes*. Bracelets, which had to some extent been abandoned, are now, on the contrary, very much in favor, particularly a style of bracelet called "porte-bonheur," which is a plain gold cirelet, of equal width all around, and without the slightest ornamentation. The only styles of earrings now affected, are diamonds and pearls without drops. Chatelaines are in great favor, and especially old ones; and on the right or opposite side there is a silver or gold hook, from which is suspended the large black fan, painted with flowers, and mounted on ebony sticks.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF EIGHT YEARS, MADE OF GRAY CASHMERE.—The skirt has a flounce eight inches deep, headed by a ruching of blue velvet. The Polonaise is looped in the back only, and is trimmed to match the skirt. Low felt hat, trimmed with flowers, and a short veil.

FIG. II.—SUIT FOR A GIRL OF FIVE YEARS.—The skirt is made of maroon poplin. The coat is made of dark cloth, trimmed with a stamped velvet ribbon. Round hat.

FIG. III.—SUIT FOR A GIRL OF FIVE YEARS, MADE OF WHITE PIQUE.—Plain skirt, waist made open over a chemisette. Rabagas hat.

FIG. IV.—HIGHLAND SUIT FOR A BOY OF SIX YEARS.

FIG. V.—SUIT FOR A GIRL OF SIX YEARS.—The skirt is plain, with a peplum basque. Watteau Polonaise of striped blue, and black silk, with a quilling of blue. Gipsy hat, with blue ribbon and flowers.

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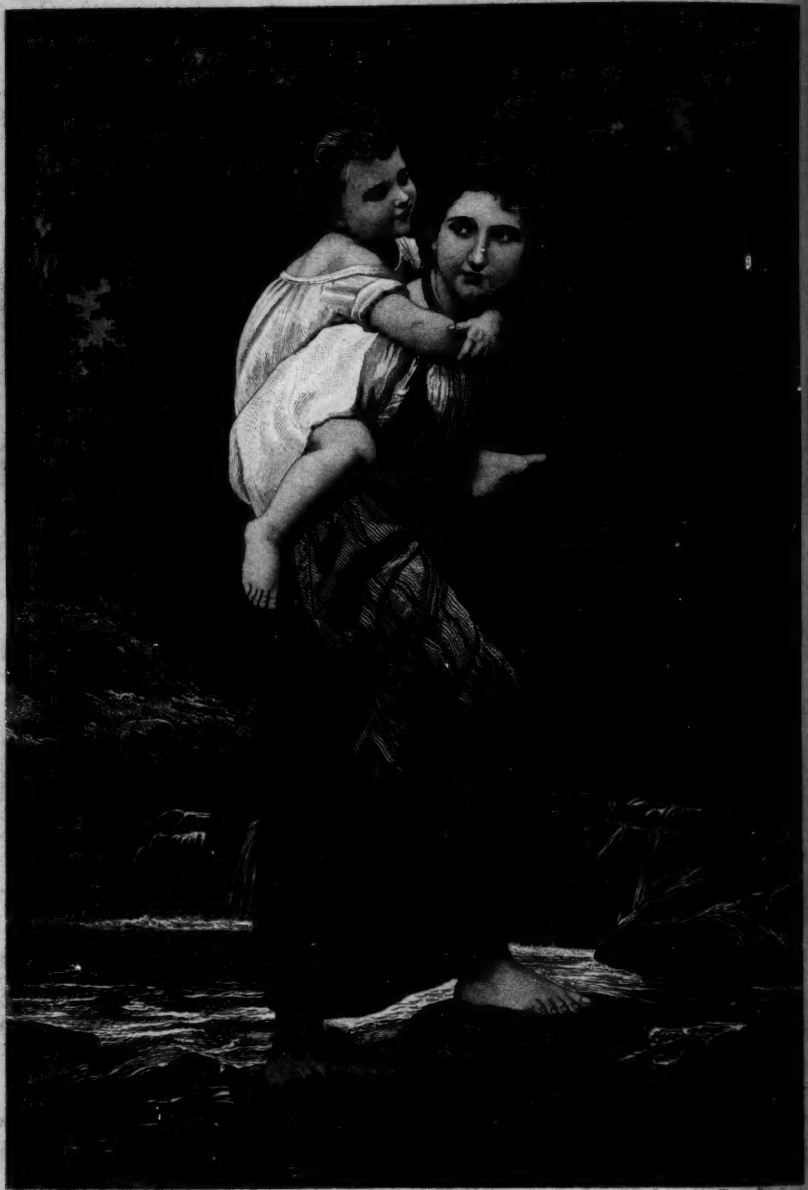

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